

THE  
HISTORY  
of the tryall of  
Cheualry,

With the life and death of Caua-  
liero Dicke Bowyer.

As it hath bin lately acted by the right  
Honourable the Earle of Darby his  
seruants.



LONDON

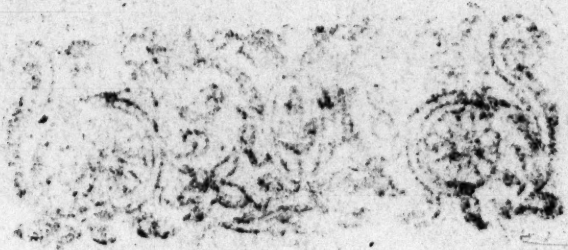
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THE  
HISTORICAL  
of the rival of  
Chivalry.

With the life and death of Caus-  
sion Dick's Boy.

As it has been lately acted by the right  
Honorable the Duke of Devonshire  
at his house at Chiswick.



LONDON

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yard, near St. Andrew's Gate, 1604.



# The Historie of the triall of Cheualry.

Enter Lewes, King of France, Philip his sonne, Katharina, his daughter, Rodorick, and Flaunders with Drum & colours, and soldiers at one dore: at the other, enter Nauar, Ferdinād, Bellamira, and the Earle of Pembroke, and Burbon.



Vke Rodorick, and my noble cozen Flaunders,  
Are your Battalions ready for the charge?  
Red. Ten thousand men of Orleance I com-  
maund,

And those are brauely marshald on the playn,  
Ready to be commaunded by your Highnesse.

Flaund. As many of the warlike brood of Mars  
Doe call me Generall: these, my gracious Lord,  
Together with my selfe I recommend,  
To be commaunded by your Maiesty.

(thanks,

Lew. Thanks, Earle of Flaunders, Duke of Orleance,  
What lets vs that we charge not on the Foe?

Nauar. My Lord of Pembroke, are your Englishmen  
Squadrond with ours, and ready for the charge?

Pem. The French and English make one warlike body,  
Whereof your Highnesse is the mouing head:  
Or peace or warre, as pleaseth you direct.

Nau. Then War, and giue the signall through the Host.

Lew. Nauar, Nauar, submission were more meete,  
Then to adde blood to wrong.

Nau. What wrong, King Lewes?  
The Kingdome of Nauar we will acknowledge  
To hold of none but of the King of Kings.

Lew. Three hundred yeres prescriptions on our sides,  
So long thy Ancestors by fealty  
Haue held thy Kingdome of the Crowne of France.

Pem. Talke not of yeres, yeres liuit not a Crowne,  
There's no prescription to inthrall a King:



## *The History of*

He finds it written in the Rowles of time,  
Nauar's a Kingdome solely absolute,  
And by collusion of the Kings of France,  
Because it lies so fitly vpon France,  
The people speaking all one mother tounge,  
It hath bin wrested for a Royalty,  
Vntruly due vnto the Crowne of France.  
That *Pembroke* speaks the truth, behold my sword,  
Which shall approue my words substantiall.

*Rod. Pembroke*, you are too plaine in your discourse.

*Bur.* I tell thee, *Rodericke*, *Pembroke* soldier-like  
Hath truly opened, what ten thousand liues  
Will hardly doe, if warre be made the Iudge.

*Ro.* If war be Iudge? why, shallow-witted *Burbon*,  
Who shall decide this difference, but war?  
Hath not the Iudge put on his Scarlet Robe?  
Is not the field prepar'd? our men in armour?  
The Trumpets ready for the sound of death?  
And nothing hinders vs but our owne words?  
Leaue idle parley, my dread soueraigne Lord,  
And soone resolueth the Duke in fire and smoke,  
That he maintaines a title false and forg'd,  
And that *Nauar* is a vsurping Lord.

*Na.* On that ile hazzard all these valiant liues.  
Sound Drums and Trumpets, make King *Lewes* know,  
He makes his best friend proue his greatest foe.

*Lew.* Why pause our drums? our trumpets, speak as lowd,  
Till the bright ayre be made a purple cloud.

*Phil.* Pause, gracious father.

*Ferd.* Noble father, pause.

Let *Ferdinand* thy sonne so far preuaile,  
That peace, not war may end this difference.

*Bel.* For *Bellamir*es sake abstayne from war.

*Phil.* *Philip* thy sonne humbly desires a peace.

Let not my father sheathe his warlike sword  
Within the bowels of his Countrey men.

*Kat.* Thy



*the tryall of Cheualry.*

*Kat.* Thy daughter *Katharina* prayes the like.

*Nau.* From whence proceeds this sudden sound of peace?  
Comes it from me? what, from my *Ferdinand*?  
From *Bellamira* my sweet second selfe?

*Lew.* Or rather comes it (*Lewer*) from thy soule?  
Thy *Philip*, the true Image of thy selfe?  
Thy *Katharina*, thy hearts chiefest joy?

*Rod.* Princes, you aske, you know not what your selues.

*Pem.* *Roderick*, they aske a sweet and pleasing boone.

*Rod.* Why, they aske peace, and we are set for war.

*Fer.* Tis a bad peace exceeds not a iust war.

*Phil.* We will not rise from this submissive ground,  
Till we obtayne, if not a peace, a truce.

*Fer.* Nor shall our feet bee guilty of new steps,  
Till I obtayne a truce from murdering war.

*Lew.* Shew me some reason (*sonne*) for this demand.

*Nau.* Shew me some reason (*children*) for this prayer.

*Fer.* I loue the daughter of thine enemy.

Fayre *Katharina* hath inthralld my heart.

*Phil.* I loue the daughter of thine enemy.

Fayre *Bellamira* hath inthralld my heart.

*Pem.* Is loue the cause? then wherfore wage we war?

What matter ist who weares both Diadems,

When the Succession liues in cythers heyre?

If *Ferdinand* be crown'd King of Nauar,

Fayre *Katharina* shalbe crown'd his Queene:

If *Philip* weare the Diadem of France,

Fayre *Bellamira* made his lonely Queene.

Swayes halfe the Scepter. See what heauen can doe,

Provide for peace, euen in the iawes of war!

*Kat.* How sweetly doth the Earle of Pembroke speake!

Now trust me I am ravisht with his voyce.

*Lew.* What sayes *Nauar*? what, ist war or peace?

*Na.* A truce for three moneths, so it please your Highnes,

During which time our children shall haue leaue,

With Drum and Trumpet to surueigh the Campe,



## *The History of*

To Court our daughters, and to feast themselves,  
As fits the sonnes of honourable foes:  
And if it prove a match betwene them both,  
There end all difference, he bequeath my Crowne,  
As a rich offering to their nuptiall Rites.

*Lew.* Here, strike the truce vpon my kingly hand,  
Which is as surely ratified in this,  
As by the testimoniall of a world.

So now, for three moneths space all warres surcease,  
Our thoughts are wholly fixt on loue and peace, *Exeunt.*

*Moment Rodorick, and Burbon.*

*Rod.* Zounds, here's a truce made vpon by miracle.

*Burb.* He crosse it by a wily stratageme.

*Rod.* What stratageme?

*Burb.* By loue to Bellamira.

Oh could I diue into the Princes heart,

By any insinuation ne're so bale,

How easily might I effect my plot,

To make the Kingdome of Natarré mine owne.

'Twere but a dram or so vnto the sonne,

And a small thing would send the old man hence.

What, noble Rodorick, to gayne a Crowne,

A Duke would doe much.

*Rod.* More then poyson two:

But you, my Lord, forget your selfe too farre,

Know you to whom you haue disclosed your heart?

*Burb.* Why, to the Duke of Orleans.

*Rod.* The deare friend of Lewes the French King.

*Burb.* King me no Kings,

Although we seeme to be of seuerall sides,

Rodorick, we loue together like true friends.

This Truce giues ayme to our intention:

Assist me (worthy Orleans) to effect,

First, my desired loue, and next the Crowne.

*Rod.* Peter de Lions is your Lordships seruant,

A boone companion, and a lusty Knaue:

He



*the tryall of Cheualry.*

He is in loue with Bellamtrass mayd,  
And by that loue he may bestead your Highnesse,  
More then your best friends in your best designes,  
Call him forth. *Enter Peter.*

*Burb.* What *Peter.* *Pet.* Here, my Lord.

*Burb.* Why dost thou looke so wildly?

*Pet.* Not with drinke, nor yet with rage.

*Red.* His lookes are wild with loue.

*Pet.* With loue surreuerence? can there be a face  
In all the world patcht vp with eyes and lips,  
A forehead, and a payre of Crimson cheeks,  
To make me do so, to make me looke wild?

*Red.* Come, come, tis knowne that you loue *Thomasin.*

*Pet.* Zounds, they that know that, know my heart & all,  
I haue not the power to deny it, tis most true.

*Burb.* And tis most true that I loue *Bellamtrass*:  
Now if thou art in fauour of thy wench,  
Many a meeting thou mayst helpe me to,  
And learne besides what sutors seeke her loue,  
And whom she most affects. These things once knowne,  
Twere worth a Dukedome, *Peter.*

*Pet.* Sbloud, giue me a Dukedome, and ile warrant you  
The knowledge of these things ten times o're.

*Red.* Theres Angels for thee, *Peter*, thinke on them,  
And doe thy best to helpe thy matters loue.  
Well, howsoeuer I smooch it to the Duke,  
My thoughts are bent on his destruction. *(for you.*

*Pet.* You haue my heart in your purse, ile doe any thing

*Burb.* And thou shalt want no gold, & so farwel. *Exeunt.*

*Pet.* I cannot chuse but farewel, and haue the good An-  
gels to comfort me; yet I am melancholy. Heeres gold to  
make me merry: O but (hey ho) heres loue to make me sad.  
To annoyd prolixity, I am trost with a Sutor, that wants a  
piece of his toung, and that makes him come lispig home:  
they call him *Quaker* *Bowyer*, he will haue no nay, but the  
wench, By these hilts, such another swash-Buckler lues not



*The History of*

in the nyne quarters of the world: why, he came ouer with the Earle of Pembroke; and he limps, and he limps, so he deuoures more French ground at two paces, the will serue *Thomas* at nineteene. If euer he speake French, to abyde prolixity, he will murder the young. He provide for him, theres but small choice, either he shall renounce the wech, or forsake his lame legs, his lipping young, and his life to for by *S. Denis*, I had rather dye in a ditch, then be bobd of my fayre *Thomas*. *Exit.*

*Enter at one dore Philip and Roderick, a Drummer before thē, with his Drum at his back; at the other dore, Ferdinand and Pembroke with their Drummer.*

*Ferd.* Whither goes royall *Philip* thus prepar'd?

*Phil.* On what aduenture goes Prince *Ferdinand*?

*Ferd.* To conquer all the world, fayre *Katharine*,  
Whose beauty in mine eye surmounts it far.

Vertue and loue conducts me to your sifter.

*Phil.* On the like voyage are my fortunes bound,  
I goe to winne thy sifter.

*Ferd.* Some fayre Starre,  
On our great hopes shine fayre and debonaire.

*Pem.* Amen, sayth *Pembroke*.

*Rod.* Amen, sayth *Roderick*.

*Ferd.* This way my Loue dwels.

*Phil.* In this ayre breathes mine.

*Both.* Farewell.

*Phil.* Prince *Ferdinand*, if these crosse loues  
Enioy a wish successe, peace here shall dwell.

*Ferd.* And we be friendly Brothers.

*Phil.* True.

*Both.* Farewell.

*Exeunt Philip, and Roderick.*

*Pem.* Pity such true loue, which like blessed seed,  
Sowne in such fertile soyle, his princely brest,  
By the rough stormy brow and winters hate

*Of*



*the tryall of Cheualry.*

Of aduerse parents should betimelesse nipt,  
And dye ere it attayne maturity:  
For I haue heard, the Princesse whom he serues,  
Is hotely courted by the Duke of Burbon,  
Who to effect his choyce, hath in these warres  
Furnisht your father with a gallant power:  
His loue may haply then disable *Philip*.

*Fer.* O no, my father doth affect the Prince:  
Besides, my sisters heart is so combin'd  
To him in perfect loue, that *Barbons* hate,  
Nor all the world that knot can separate.  
Then sorrow not for him, but turne the streame  
Of gentle pity on thy wretched friend,  
Within whose bosome loue hath kindled fire,  
So ardent, that the flames will bury me,  
*Philip* is throned in my sisters eyes:  
But in my loue disdayne and hatred lyes.

*Pem.* Doth she not pay true kindnesse with the like?

*Fer.* As stepdames, orphanes, night, the cleer-fac't day,  
So doth she hate me, and returne my woes,  
Like a steeld Anuill backward on my selfe.  
She is all hate, yet such a louely foe,  
That I must kisse the sword that wounds me so.

*Pem.* Interre these thoughts, this is her fathers tent.  
Drum, giue a friendly summons to the King.

*Fer.* Forbeare a while (deare *Pembrooke*) by our vowes,  
Which in the booke of heauen are registred,  
By all the rites of friendship, by that loue  
Thou beart thy natiue Countrey, I coniure thee,  
This day to be the Trumpet of my worth,  
To speake the passions of thy grieued friend,  
To *Katharines* cares, till those pure Iuory gates,  
Pearst with the volley of thy battring words,  
Giue way to my laments to touch her heart:  
For this haue I extracted thee from many,  
Made thee my fellow Pilgrim to her shrine,

B

Knowing



## *The History of*

Knowing thy thoughts from loues Religion free,  
When my prayers fayle, thy tongue may plead for me.  
*Pem.* Must I be spokesman *Pembroke* plead for loue?  
Whose tounge tunde to the Instruments of war,  
Neuer knew straine of fancy on my breath:  
Affection neuer dwelt, but war and death.  
But if thou lou'dst to haue thy soldiers fight,  
Or hearten the spent courages of men,  
*Pembroke* could vse a stile inuincible.  
Lou'dst thou a towne, I'd teach thee how to woo her,  
With words of thunder—bullets wrapt in fire,  
Till with thy Cannon battery she relent,  
And humble her proud heart to stoop to thee.  
Or if not this, then mount thee on a Steed,  
Whose courage neuer awde an yron Bit,  
And thou shalt heare me hollow to the beast,  
And with commanding accents master him:  
This Courtship *Pembroke* knowes; but idle loue,  
The slicke-face object of an amorous brayne,  
Did neuer clothe mine eye-balls, neuer taught  
This tounge inurde to broyles and stratagems,  
The passionate language of a troubled heart:  
I am too blunt and rude for such nice seruice.  
Yet since my friend inioynes me to this taske,  
Take courage, ile both speake, plead, woo for thee,  
And when I want fit words to moue her mind,  
Ile draw my sword, and sweare she must be kind.  
Drummer report our presence to the King.

*A parley, and answered. Enter France, Flaunders, and attendants.*

*Lew.* Prince *Ferdinand*, and honourd English *Pembroke*,  
Now by *S. Denis*, welcome. One runne straight,  
And giue our daughter notice of these ghests.  
What man, we know you come prepar'd to woo:

To



*the tryall of Cheualry.*

To woo, to winne; now by our sacred life,  
We wish in soule our daughter were your wife.  
Our sonne is with your sister, faire hap wayt:  
For peace or war liues in your loue or hate.  
Welcome once more; first, weele go see your loue,  
After, to banquet, and from thence to woo.  
Be merry, then weele share a friendly part,  
But you shall triumph in our daughters heart. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Katharina, her man Bowyer, and a  
Paynter.*

*Kath.* See that the Tent be ready furnished,  
By this, my father and those Lords are met,  
Mongst whom, the noble *Pembroke*, like the Sunne,  
Out-shines the borrowed glory of the rest:  
And well I may compare him to the Sunne,  
That but once lookt vpon with his fayre shape,  
Hath dazled my poore senses, and left me blind.  
But firra, where's the man I bade you bring?

*Bow.* If you can iudge of colours (Madam) this is he.  
*Paynter*, stand forth.

*Kath.* An earnest cause (my friend) importunes me,  
Wherein I am to craue thy cunningst Arte.

*Payn.* Such as it is, you may commaund, faire *Princesse*,

*Kath.* But are thy colours tresh? thy pen fill smoothe?  
Thy hand vnwauering? and thy head dislodg'd  
Of all vnquiet harsh incumbrances?

For thou must draw proportion of those parts,  
Whose worth to tell, my tongue wants vtterance.

*Payn.* Feare you not (Madam) I am well prepar'd.

*Kat.* Then hither strait with youthfull *Ferdinand*,  
*Nanars* stout sonne, there comes an English Knight,  
*Pembroke* they call him, honourably borne:  
Him (whilst we are in conference) thou shalt marke,  
And to the life set downe his counterfet.



## *The History of*

Nor is it needfull I should shew him thee,  
The goodliest person in the traine, that's he.

**Bow.** Let me alone to giue the Paynter destruction, I  
know him as well as the Begger knowes his dish: he weares  
a white Scarfe in his hat, and an Orange tawny feather vp-  
on his arme.

**Kath.** Foole, indirectly thou describ'st another:  
Thats Prince *Nassar*, *Pembroke* his plume is Azure,  
A little intermixt with spotlesse white,  
Prefiguring the temper of the Sky,  
With whose hie motion his great mind doth moue.

**Bow.** Orange tawny and Azure, all's one, all is but fea-  
ther, there is no difference I am sure but in colour.

**Kath.** Why, thats as much as may be, is it not?

**Bow.** Not so, ile proue the contrary: You are fayre, and  
I am foule, is that all the difference betweene you and I:  
there's another thing in it, if you marke it well.

**Kath.** I prythee peace, and with thy ignorance  
Draw not the Paynter likewise into errour.  
Here take thy stand, thou know'st him by these markes  
I lately spake of: seeme to excell thine Arte,  
And I will study to requite thy paynes.

*Enter Lewis, Ferdinand, Pembroke, Rodoricke,  
and Flanders.*

**Lew.** Thus did the Greeks, when they begirt the walles  
Of strong built Troy, sometimes with friendly checke  
Entertayne peace, and spend their frolick houres,  
In courtly feasting, of each other foe.  
Welcome (young *Ferdinand*) I promise you,  
It cheeres my spirit we doe embrace you here,  
And welcome too (brave Lord) we cannot say,  
As if we were in Paris; we might say,  
Your viands shall be costly: but presume,  
Such as the Camp affords, wee haue the best.  
Daughter, I prythee bid them welcome.

**Kath.** My



*the tryall of Cheualry.*

*Kath.* My Lord, I doe  
That with the Congy of a bended knee :  
But this with my true hearts loyalty.  
Lords, you are welcome, by my fathers leaue.

*Lew.* Why, now thou dost content thy father, *Kath*,  
When wholly vnto merrymeat inclin'd,  
Thou answerst with like sympathy of mind.

*Fer.* But yet her lookes are haggard and obscure,  
Which makes me doubtfull sheele not stoop to lure.

*Lew.* Princes, let's enter: come, he lead the way:  
The feast is mine, you are my ghests this day.

*Fer.* Now *Pembroke*, shew thy friendships true effect,  
Obtrayne her loue, my life thou shalt protect. *Exeunt.*

*Kat.* He stayes behind the rest, O happy houre !  
Worke on (sweet Paynter) to enrich mine eye  
With that, which els procures my tragedy.

*Pem.* Fayre Madam, in this confluence of sweet ioy,  
When euery one resorts vnto the feast,  
Me thinkes you should not thus retyre alone,  
As seeming, your best fare were heavy mone.

*Kat.* I am not (Sir) alone, nor do I starue  
My appetite with any wil-full fast,  
I haue a banquet of sweet pleasing thoughts;  
That is more precious then the costliest feast.

*Pem.* But at your fathers board there sits a ghest,  
To whom the cup of *Ganymede* will seeme  
But iuice of Hemlocke, and the daintiest dish,  
As much vnsauory as the Pomice stone,  
Vnlesse your presence season his delight.

*Kat.* I am sory I want skill to serue his dyet,  
I haue not bin instructed to such end.

*Pem.* But I wil teach you (Madam) if you please.

*Kat.* Rather the party griued first should shew  
Wherein we erre, els how can we discern  
What is our fault, or how we may amend?

*Pem.* That office he commits vnto my tounge.



## *The History of*

*Kat.* Is he not able then to speake himselfe?

*Pem.* Yes, Madam, I haue heard when *Ferdinand*,  
With whom in Padua I was conuersant,  
So spake in the assembly of the learnd,  
With such a grace and well composed phrase,  
As many thought graue *Tullies* eloquence  
Flowed like a hony Riuer from his lips.

*Kath.* He wanteth then belike sufficient courage.

*Pem.* Neuer liu'd Knight lesse preiudic'd in that,  
Then valiant *Ferdinand*, whom I haue seene,  
Couch his staffe Launce with such dexterity,  
As if the god of battell had himselfe  
Entred the Lists, and preassing to the midst  
Of Steele-composed troops, like lightning fly,  
Till he had made a passage with his sword.

*Kat.* So puissant in his fortitude with men,  
And daunted with a silly womans looks?  
How can that be?

*Pem.* Yes, when you weygh the force  
Of your resittle and controwling beauty,  
It is your beauty: were his power and spirit  
Ten times more haughty ventrous then it is,  
Compels it stoop in homage to your foot,  
As trembling Lambs, when they to Lions couch.

*Kat.* 'Twas well he chose so good an Orator,  
To plead the imperfection of his cause.

*Pem.* I should haue that opinion of my selfe,  
If for my sake your Grace would fauour him.

*Kat.* Yes, for your sake we haue indur'd his name;  
And for your sake we tolerate his suite:  
But when you cease to speake, then all that prayse  
You haue attributed to his desert,  
Seemes borrowed from your selfe, you are the man  
Whose eloquence compares with *Ciceroes*.  
You are the man, whose knightly fortitude  
Lives in the world vnpreiudic'd of any.

You



*the tryall of Cheualry.*

You vanquish beauty, and inthrall the mind  
Of female weaknesse, with no lesse awe,  
Then Indian vassayles stoop vnto their Lords,  
The name of *Ferdinand* you haue mista'ne:  
Say tis your selfe, and then your whole discourse  
Obserues the perfect method that it should.

*Pem.* Should I be false and trecherous to my friend?  
I am intreated but to speake for him.

*Kat.* But for your selfe would be more acceptable.  
Oh pardon me, nor let immodest strayne  
Cleau to my brow, my loue is chastely bred,  
Other then *Pembrooke*, *Katharine* neuer vowes,  
Shall be inthroniz'd in hermayden thoughts.

*Pem.* Mistake me not, I say tis *Ferdinand*  
Dyes in affection to your Deity.

*Kat.* But in affection I seruiue to none,  
But onely *Pembrooke*.

*Pem.* Will you be esteem'd  
A cruell murtheresse of a loyall friend?

*Kat.* Will *Pembrooke* triumph in a womans fall?

*Pem.* You anger me, respect young *Ferdinand*.

*Kat.* You please me not, to speake of *Ferdinand*.

*Pem.* Nay, then tis time to go, or wrong my friend.  
Since, Madam, what I would I cannot doe,  
Mine honour here bids me leaue off to woo. *Exit.*

*Kat.* Stay, *Pembrooke*, *Katharine* will sue to thee,  
So shalt thou keepe thy fayth and loyalty.

*Bow.* Tary, sir, tary, we want the length of your nose: nay,  
if you will not heare, ile be so bold as follow your nose.

Sir, tary, tary. *Exit.*

*Kat.* He will not heare, nor (too vnkind) looke backe.

*Pam.* But, Madam, spight his heart you shall see this.

*Kat.* Giue me his picture: Image far more kind,  
Then is the substance, whence thou art deriu'd!  
Which way soeuer I diuert my selfe,  
Thou seemst to follow with a louing eye.



## The History of

Thee will I therefore hold within mine armes, *Enter Ferd.*  
As some small comfort to increasing harmes.

*Fer.* What meanes my second selfe by this long staye  
I cannot rest till I be cerused,

What good or bad successe my suite returnes:

But he is gone, and in faire *Katharines* hand

I see his picture. What may this pretend:

*Kat.* Thou hast done well indeed, in euery part

Thou shewst complete & cunning workmanship:

His eye, his lip, his cheek are rightly fram'd;

But one thing thou hast grossly over-slipt.

Where is his stubborne vnrelenting heart,

That lurkes in secret as his master doth,

Disdayning to regard or pity me?

*Payn.* Madam, his heart must be imagined  
By the description of the outward parts.

*Kat.* O no; for then it would be tractable,

Mild and applausiue as the others be.

*Fer.* No Prince, but *Pembroke* dwels in *Katharines* eye,

Whose that disturbs our pleasing solitude.

*Fer.* Know you not me: my name is *Ferdinand*,  
Whose faithfull loue Lord *Pembroke* late commenc't?

*Kat.* Speake then for *Pembroke* as he did for you,

Or els your bootlesse suite will soone be cold.

*Fer.* Why, he was Orator in my behalfe:

If I should speake for him, as he for me,

Then should I breathe forth his passions, not mine

I, I, tis so, the villaine, in my name, (owne.

Hath purchas'd her affection for himselfe,

And therefore was he absent from the feast:

And therefore shuns my sight, and leaues behind

This counterfet, to keepe him still in mind.

Tis so, tis so, base Traytor, for this wrong

My sword shall cut out thy perfidious tounge. *Exit.*

*Bow.* I haue runne till I sweat, sweat till my shirt cleaues  
to my backe, cryed till I am hoarse, and am hoarse till I  
cannot



## *the tryall of Cheualry.*

cannot cry, and yet he will not come backe.

*Kat.* No matter, fellow, I haue here a pledge,  
Which I will zealously deuote me to.

*Enter  
Lewes.*

There's thy reward, withdraw, my father comes.

*Lew.* Where are these Lords? the one hath sate with me,  
And suddenly is risen from the boord:

The other came not at all. Daughter, saw you  
The Prince or *Pembrooke*, which way they are gone?

*Kat.* Backe to their Tents, my Lord, as I suppose.

*Lew.* Backe to their Tents, and take no leaue of vs?  
Nay, then I feare their meaning was too smoothe,  
And some blacke Treason couer'd in their smiles,  
Which we will seeke immediately to preuent.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Dicke Bowyer, and soldiers, with Drum  
and colours.*

*Bow.* Stand, giue the word along, stand.

*Lien.* Stand there.

*Bow.* Lieutenant.

*Lien.* Captayne.

*Bow.* Is the watch set in the Kings quarter yet?

*Lien.* An howre agoe.

*Bow.* Zounds, what foolish Canaanits were they, to run  
in debt to their eyes for an houres sleepe, sooner then they  
needed? Sergeant.

*Ser.* Anon sir.

*Bow.* Anon sir! s'hart, the Rogue answers like a Drawer;  
but tis the tricke of most of these Sergeants, all clincum,  
clancum. Gods dynes, I am an *Onyon*, if I had not rather  
serue formost in the forlorne hoope of a battell, or runne  
poynt blancke against the mouth of a double charged Can-  
non, then come vnder the arrests of some of their pewter  
peffels: zounds, tis hotter a great deale then hell mouth, &  
*Dynes* burning in Sulphur: but thou art none of the genea-  
logy of them. Where must we watch to night?

C

*Ser.* In



## *The History of*

*Ser.* In the furthest Trenches that confront the enemies Campe.

*Bow.* Thats the next way to haue all our throats cut.

*Lien.* That cannot be, you know, Captaine, there's a peace toward.

*Bo.* A pox a peace, it keeps our Ancient whole; but s'hart our gaberdines go to wrack: but *futura*: tis well known, since Dick Bowyer came to Fraunce, he hath shewed himselfe a gentleman & a Caualliero, and sets feare at's heeles: and I could scape (a pox on it) th'other thing, I might haps return safe & sound to England; but what remedy? al flesh is grasse, and some of vs mult needes be scorcht in this hote Countrey. Lieutenant Core, prithee lead my Band to their quarter, and the Rogues do not as they should, cram thy selfe, good Core, downe their throats, and choak them. Who stand Sentronell to night, fir?

*Sol.* That must I, Captayne.

*Bow.* You, Rafe Nod? zounds, soldiers, follow my discipline, say your prayers, you are all dead men, all dust and ashes, all wormes meat.

*Lien.* How so, Captayne?

*Bow.* Doe you make him Sentronell? s'hart, heele nod presently: and he do not sleepe sitting vpon the poynt of a Spanish needle, Dicke Bowyer's a very shitt lecocke. Nod! zounds, he is one of the nine sleepers, a very Dormouse: & I had a Pageant to present, of the seuen deadly sinnes, hee should play Slouth: and he did not sleepe when he should speake his part, I am a Badger.

*Soul.* That's true, you haue halfe the nature of a Badger, for one leg is shorter then another.

*Bow.* Zounds, you Rogue, doe not you know that? Ile tell you: s'hart, and I lye, call me Iebuzite. Once as I was fighting in S. Georges fields, and blind Cupid seeing me, and taking me for some valiant Achilles, he tooke his shaft, and shot me right into the left heele, and euer since, Dick Bowyer hath beene lame: but my heart is as sound as a bell, heart of Oake, spirit, spirit. Lieutenant, discharge Nod, and



*the tryall of Cheualry.*

and let Cricket stand Sentronell, till I come.

*Lieu.* He shall, Captayne.

*Bow.* On afore, strike Drum, march soldiers, keepe your place, Nod: lusty my harts, for the honor of England, & our braue Generall, the Earle of Pembroke. So, I haue discharg'd my selfe of these.

*Exeunt soldiers.*

Hot shot! now to my loue: some may say, the tale of Venus louing Mars, is a fable: but he that is a true soldier, and a Gent, as Dick Bowyer is, & he do not loue some varlet or other, zounds, he is worse then a gaping Oyster without liquor. There's a pretty sweet fac't mother that waits on the princeesse, that I haue some mind to; but a whorſo *Achitophel*, a parasite, a rogue, one whose face looks worse the a Tailors cushen, of old threds & colours; zounds, like a weauers leg, in an old ditch feeding horseleaches, & this trotter is my ryual, & loues Thomasin: his name is *Peter de Lions*; but s'hart (I will not sweare neither) if I do not turne Rich. *Cor de Lion* with him, if I do not teare out his heart and eate it with mustard, let him say Dick Bowyer's a Mackarell. Yonder hee comes with my Property had in hand. Zoüds, I say nothing: but ile heare what they say, and determine afterward.

*Enter Peter, and Thomasin*

*Pet.* Thomasin, you know me, I hate prolixity: in a word, my humour is thus, I loue you.

*Bow.* And I do not spoyle that humour, so——

*Pet.* Your answere compendiously, & auoyd prolixity.

*Tom.* Mary nuffe! by Iesu, I scorne to humble the least part about me, to giue answere to such a trotting question: as I liue, it ioults mine eares worse in hearing, then the princes coach on a broken cawsey.

*Pet.* Thomasin, leaue this pace, & take me with you: my Lord loues your Lady, yet I heare say, she is this night betrothed to the Prince of France: so I loue you, and shall I lose you? No, I hate prolixity: in a word, the end is, ile marry you.

*Tho.* Pretty, as God saue me! what will Captaine Bowyer say to that, if he should know it?

*Bow.* A good Rogue, by Iesu.



## *The History of*

**Pe.** Bowyer a Captayn: a Capon, a button mould, a lame haberdine, a red beard Sprat, a Yellow hammer, a bow case, a very lackdaw with histoung slit.

**Bow.** Zounds, what a Philistine is this? what a dictionary of proper names hath the Rogue got together? heart, his toung crawles as fast as the Cheese doth in Germany. Ile pearce you for this, you Lobster.

**Pet.** Bowyer, *mordu fura* for him; and that sowre crab do but leere at thee, I shall squeeze him to vargis.

**Bo.** And you squeeze me, I may haps grow saucy with you, you whorson burnd Pudding pyc, you dry Parsnip: kisse me, Thomasin: so, dare you stand to your word now, and squeeze me?

**Pet.** Stumps, I challenge thee for this indignity, Bowyer, I will gyrd my selfe with thy guts, I am a Souldiour and a Captayne.

**Bow.** Captayne: s'hart, and thou hast vnder thy charge, any other then Pigmies, I am Gogmagog. Dost thou heare (sowgelder?) and I do not with fixe Cranes (wel marshald) ouerrunne thee and thy hundred and fifty, say Dick Bowyer's a coward.

**Pet.** For that word, draw.

**Tho.** Hold, Gentlemen.

**Bow.** Peace (good Thomasin) silence, sweet socket. Peter, dost see this sword? this sword kild Sarlaboys, that was one Rogue: now it shall kill thee, that's two Rogues. Whorson puttock, no garbage serue you but this: haue at you.

*As they fight, enters Pembroke.*

**Pem.** Who's this at enmity within our Camps? What, Bowyer, and the seruant to great Burbon? Both sheathe your weapons: by our martiall law, This act is death.

**Bow.** Ile be hangd then. Dost thou heare, noble Generall: Dick Bowyer knowes what belongs to seruice: we did not draw of any malice, by this element of yron & steele, but to measure which of our swords were longest. Ile saue you



*the tryall of Cheualry.*

you for once, you Sarazen, because I see youle hang scurui-  
ly: but the next time ———

*Pem.* Good Captayne Bowyer, let our English troops  
Keepe a strong watch to night: my throbbing heart,  
Like to a Scritchowe in the midnight houre,  
Bodes some blacke scene of mischief imminent.

*Bow.* Neuer feare (Generall) if Iulius Cæsar rise vp against  
vs, e're he do my Lord any wrong, zounds, ile be cut smaller  
then pot-hearbs. Ile to the trenches, come Thomasin. Leere  
not, Lobster, lest I thum that russeting face of yours with my  
sword hilt, till that it looke as pyde colourd as the Rainbow.  
By Iesu ile do it, and therefore follow me not. *Exeunt.*

*Pem.* Why should this load of griefe lye on my heart  
With such a ponderous waight? I know no cause,  
Vnlesse it be by thinking on the wrong  
My friend receyues in the vnmached loue,  
Which Katharine beares me: yet my fayth is sound,  
And like a solid Rock shall check her teares.  
Katharine loues me; yet for my friends delight,  
Pembroke will hate her loue, and flye her sight. *Exit.*

*Enter Burbon, Nauar, Philp, Bellamira, Rodoricke,  
and attendants.*

*Bur.* Nauar, you sprinckle me with foule reproch,  
And dimme the lustre of our royall name,  
With colours of dishonour.

*Nau.* Heare me, Burbon.

*Bur.* What words can satisfy so great a wrong?  
Haue you not with consent of all your Lords,  
Promisd your daughter to this generous prince?

*Nau.* Their true loue forst vs to it.

*Bur.* True loue? tis fayn'd.

*Phil.* Ha, Burbon.

*Bel.* Gentle Philip.

*Phil.* With my sword,

Ile proue my loue vnfayned, the a false Lord.

C 3

*Bur.* This



## *The History of*

*Bur.* This like a Sanctuary frees thy tounge,  
And giues thee childish liberty of speech,  
Which els would fawne and crouch at Burbons frowne.

*Phil.* Now by S. Denis ———

*Burb.* Ile not chat with boyes.  
*Nauar,* to thee I speak: thy daughters looks,  
Like the North Star to the Sea-toft Mariners,  
Hath brought me through all dangers, made me turne  
Our royall Palace, to this stage of death,  
Our state and pleasures, to a bloudy Campe,  
And with the strength and puissance of our force,  
To lift thy falling and decayed state,  
Euen to her pristine glory, in thy quarrell  
Burbon hath set himselte against his King,  
And soyld his greatnesse with a Traytors name.  
Now when our worth expected rich reward,  
Fayre Bellamira, wonder of her time,  
Must Philip haue her?

*Phil.* Burbon, shee is mine.

*Bur.* *Mordew*: ile be reueng'd, by heauen I will,  
Or I will paue these plaines with the dead bodies  
Of our deare subiects: we haue sworne thy fall,  
That oathes thy death, our rage thy funerall.

*Nau.* Heare our excuse.

*Bur.* We will not credit ayre.  
*Peter,* watch Rodorick, when the prince is gone,  
Tell him, I doe speake with him.

*Pet.* Enough, tis done.

*Bur.* *Nauar,* this setting Sun, which sees our wrong,  
Shall e're his morrowes beames guide the proud East,  
View *Himens* rites turnd to a tragick feast. *Exit Burbon.*

*Na.* His anger beares him hence, young prince of France,  
Since to reduce our enmity to loue,  
And thereby like a fayre and louely Bryde,  
To mary peace to France, we are content,  
To bring the sea-toft barke of your affects,

Halfe



*the tryall of Cheualry.*

Halfe shipwracke with the tempest of these wars,  
To their desired port, as we agreed:  
Go to your father, and informe him thus:  
If personally heele view our friendly Tents,  
And seale these Articles of peace proposde,  
This night you shall be troth-plight to our child.

*Phil.* Were it to search the furthest Northerne clime,  
Where frosty Hyems with an ycie Mace,  
Strikes dead all living things, I'de find it out,  
And borrowing fire from those fayre sunny eyne,  
Thaw Winters frost, and warme that dead cold clime:  
But this impose is nothing, honourd King,  
Ile to my father, and conduct him hither:  
For whilst my soule is parted from her sight,  
This earth is hell, this day a tedious night.

Come Rodorick, you shall beare me company. *Exit Phil.*

*Pet.* He shall not, for ile stay him instantly. *Pet. & Rod.*

*Nau.* Twere pity to keepe two such loues asunder.  
Daughter, you & your Ladies to your tent, *Exit Bella.*  
And deck you richly to receiue the prince. *Enter Pemb.*  
My Lord of Pembroke, happily return'd: *after him, Fer.*  
How doth our sonne? See where he comes himselfe.  
Speake, boy, how spedst thou with fayre Katharine?

*Fer.* I know not how: Is trothlesse Pembroke there?

*Nau.* Be not dismayd, at length sheele pity thee.  
Sonne, bid our Officers adorne our Court  
In her chiefe glory: for this happy night  
Shall set a period to this smarting war.  
Your sister shalbe troth-plight to Prince Philip,  
And France and we made friends about it then.  
Pembroke, haue you the charge to see our Captaines  
Prepare a martiall welcome to the King.  
Ile not be idle: since Nauar was crownd,  
Our heart with so much ioy did ne're abound. *Exit Nauar.*

*Fer.* Nor mine with so much hate, Pembroke, a word.

*Pem.* What wills your Grace?



## *The History of*

*Fer.* That Pembroke is a villayne.

Looke not so strange, I speake it not your friend,  
But hee that in his soule hath sworne thine end.

*Pem.* A villayne? and my death? I am amaz'd.  
Art thou awake? or is all this a dreame?

*Fer.* A dreame of death: meet me to morrow morning,  
As thou art Pembroke and a Gentleman,  
By yon fayre Riuer side, which parts our Camps.  
You know the place, come armed, and so farewell.

*Pem.* Deare friend,

*Fer.* Push, meet me.

*Pem.* Ferdinand, I will.

*Fer.* Reuenge, smile on, thou shalt drink bloud thy fill.

*(Exeunt.)*

*Enter Peter standing sentronell.*

*Pet.* This is my wayting night, tis for no good,  
That I stand Sentronell. Well, good or ill,  
I care not greatly, so I get the gold:

*Enter Burbon,*

Therefore to auoyd prolixity, here walke I. *and Roderick,*  
Here comes the men that must reward my paine,

*Bur.* Haue you the poyson?

*Rod.* And a strong one too.

Heere's a preseruatiue to saue your hand.

When Rodericke fayles your Lordship, heauen shall fayle,  
To illuminate the world with cheeretull light.

*Bur.* Then here about should Peter wayt for me:  
For this is the Paultion of the Princessse.

*Pet.* My Lord.

*Bur.* Peter.

*Pet.* Here is the key that opens to the Tent,  
I stole it from my sweet heart Thomasin.  
Enter without prolixity, woo and winne the Lady:  
But giue me gold (my Lord) and Ile to Dice,

*Bur.* Hold, take thy fill.

*Pet.* And it shall goe as fast.

*Bur.* Now gentle Peter, get thee vnto rest:

*My*



### *the tryall of Cheualry.*

My businesse craves the abience of the world:  
None but my selfe and Rodoricke shall behold  
The secret complot that I doe intend.

*Per.* I goe, my Lord. *Exit.*

*Barb.* Now blessed key, open vnto my loue,  
Doe more then louing lyars or words can doe:  
My letters haue bin answerd with disdainne:  
Her father I haue mou'd to gayne my loue,  
But he is frosty in my feruent suite,  
And now perforce I will obtayne my loue,  
Or ease her puling hatred by reuenge.

*Re.* You stay too long, ile help to turne the key.

*Discover her sitting in a chayre asleepe.*

*Bar.* What do I see? the maiesty of heauen,  
Sit in a mayden slumber on the earth?  
What, is my Bellamira turnd a goddesse,  
Within the table of her glorious face!  
Me thinks, the pure extraction of all beauty  
Floues in abundance to my loue-sicke eye.  
O, Rodoricke, she is admirably fayre:  
And sleeping, if her beauty be so rare,  
How will her eyes inchaunt me if she wake!  
Here, take the poyson, ile not stayne that face,  
For all the treasure of the Westerne Iland.

*Rod.* I see no such admired perfection.  
Waken her, Burbon, and this louing charme,  
Which now hath led your senses prisoner,  
Will vanish, and her speech full of reproofe,  
Beget a new phantasma all of hate:  
Thou wilt detest her when she shall deny thee.

*Bar.* Wake her, Rodoricke, for I want the power.

*Rod.* I hope I am disguise sufficiently,  
That Bellamira cannot know my face,  
Madam, fayre Bellamira,

*Bel.* Here I am, who calls on Bellamira?

*Barb.* I, fayre loue,  
The Duke of Burbon that doth honour thee.

*D*

*Bel.* The



*The History of*

*Bel.* The Duke of Bourbon in my Tent so late:  
Where is my Gard? what Peter, Thomasin.

*Red.* Step to her, and restrayne her, lest she call:  
He be a looker on, and be vnknowne.

*Bur.* What needs your Highnesse call for any gard,  
Since you are garded with a faythfull friend?  
Behold me, Madam, humbly on my knee,  
Come to renew my suite, vouchsafe me loue,  
Or with this weapon take away my life:  
Much better 'twere a thousand times to dye,  
Then liue in torment of your scorching eye.  
You haue inflam'd my heart, oh quench that flame,  
Or into cinders turne my haplesse truncke:  
Haplesse, in being vnbelou'd of you.

*Bell.* My Lord of Bourbon, you presume too much  
On th'extremity of passion.  
Haue I not answerd many an idle letter,  
With full assurance that I cannot loue?  
Haue I not often, *vina voce* checkt  
Your courtly kindnes? frownd vpon your smiles?  
Vse you vnkindly, all to weane your loue?  
And doe you still perseuer in your suite?  
Itell thee, Bourbon, this bold part of thine,  
To breake into my Tent at dead of night,  
Deserues seuerer correction, and the more,  
Because it brings mine honour into question.  
I charge thee, as thou art a Gentleman,  
Betake thee to thine owne Pavilion,  
And let this answer satisfie for all:  
Bourbon, I cannot, nor I will not loue thee.

*Bur.* Cannot, nor wil not? zoüds, Madam, but you must.

*Bel.* Must I?

*Bur.* And shall.

*Bel.* You will not force me to it?

*Bur.* Or force that sparkling beauty from your face.  
Looke not so fiercely, nor cry out for helpe:  
For if you doe, this makes you cry your last.

Seing



*the tryall of Cheualry.*

Seing neyther words, kind letters, bearty sighes,  
Humble intreaty, nor a world of payne,  
Can moue you to take pittie of my loue:  
But Tyrant-like, your beauty seeks my life,  
I will blot out that beauty with this iuice.  
Thus, thus I wipe away my passions:  
Thus doe I heale the torments of my loue:  
Thus doe I ransom my inthrall'd eye,  
And by depriving of the cause of life,  
Kill th' effect, which was a world of sorrow.  
Farewell, foule Bellamira, I am pleas'd  
In this reuenge, that no way could be eas'd. *Exit.*

*Red.* Zounds, he has don't: now, Rodorick, ioy thy fill,  
Burbon is thine, the Dukedome is thine owne:  
For onely he in the Inheritance  
Stood as an obstacle, to let my clayme.  
This deed of his will take away his life:  
And then let me alone to inioy his land.  
He steale away vnseene, cause vn suspected:  
I would not for the world be once detected. *Exit.*

*Bel.* Poyson my face! oh most inhumane wretch!  
Reuenge more vile, then to abridge my life.  
What, Thomasin, what, brother Ferdinand:  
My kingly father: is there none that heares?  
Then Treason, treason, let that waken you:  
For capitall is this offence to me.

*Enter Nauar, Pembroke, Ferdinand, and  
Thomasin.*

*Tbo.* O Iesu, mistris, what ayles your face!

*Nau.* Her face!

*Ferd.* Tis spotted like a Panthers skin.

*Pemb.* O, were those spots as kindly beautifull,

Then were sayre Bellamira vndeform'd.

*Nau.* O, what diuine power hath sent this Leprosy?

*Ferd.* Say, be cautious sister.

D 2

*Pemb.* Speake,



## *The History of*

*Pemb.* Speake, fayre Bellamira,

*Tho.* Speake, my good mistress.

*Nau.* My sweet daughter, speake.

*Pem.* Her silence argues a tormented spirit.

*Fer.* Thy countenance argues a deceitful soule.

*Enter Lewes, Philip, Rodoricke, and Flaunders.*

*Lew.* Where is Nauar?

*Phil.* Where is fayre Bellamira?

*Bel.* My Philip, oh giue leaue to fly his fight.

*Nau.* Stay, gentle daughter, heele not iniure thee.

*Lew.* Heere are the Articles concluded on,  
I could not rest, till I had signed them,  
And brought them to your Highnesse. A moneth hence  
The mariage shall be fully solemnized,  
So please your Maicesty and your fayre daughter:  
Are you content?

*Nau.* To litle in discontent.

*Phil.* Me thinks, this royall presence hath dim lookes:  
Is it because they are in the armes of night,  
Which sets a leaden lustre on the eye?  
Or hath some accident oceausted them,  
That troubles their aspect with melancholy?  
Is Nauar well? is Ferdinando well?  
Is Pembroke well? Is Bellamira well?  
O, where is Bellamira? tell me, Princes,  
For now my tongue hath strook vpon her name.  
I feele a kind of killing extasie.  
Where is she? in her Tent?

*Bel.* Deny me, father,  
I would not see Prince Philip with this face.  
*Phi.* Why speak you not? what, haue I toucht the string,  
Whereon the burden of your sorrow lyes?  
Father, looke round about, see you my loue?  
Rodoricke, looke round about, see you my loue?

*Lew.* I see her not,

*Red.* Nor I.

*Phil.* I say not so.

*The*



*the tryall of Cheualry.*

The garments that she weares, mine eye should know.  
What Lady's this that hides her heavenly face?  
Here are no Basilisks with killing eyes:  
You need not hide your beauty: sweet, looke vp,  
Me thinks I haue an interest in these lookes.  
What's here, a Leper amongst Noble men?  
What creatures this? why stayes she in this place?  
Oh, tis no maruell though she hide her face:  
For tis infectuous: let her leaue the presence,  
Or Leprosie will cleaue vnto vs all.

*Bel.* O let me leaue the presence, gentle father,  
When Philip bids his Bellamira goe.

*Phil.* My Bellamira!

*Lew.* How? my sonnes belou'd!

*Phil.* Is this my loue? was this your beauteous child?

*Nau.* My child.      *Ferd.* My sister.

*Pemb.* Beauteous Bellamira.

*Nau.* Spotted,

*Ferd.* Disfigured,

*Pemb.* Made a lothsome Leper.

*Rod.* How came this sudden alteration?

For she was comely, louely, beautifull,  
When the day left his Charriot to the night.

*Nau.* That heauen doth know, and onely Bellamira.  
Daughter, I charge thee, tell me how it came.

*Bel.* Burbon, oh Burbon.

*Lew.* Did he doe the deed?

*Bel.* He came into my Tent at dead of night,  
And rubd my face with an infectuous herbe,  
Because I would not graunt vnto his loue.  
I cry'd for helpe, but none did succour me.

*Rod.* I know he did, and laugh to thinke on't.

*Lew.* And he shall rue his treason.

*Phil.* Threaten not,

Leaue the reuenge to me whom it concernes,  
Tis I am robd of a delicious looke,  
A heauenly sparkling brow, a starry eye,



## *The History of*

A countenance fairer then Auroras lookes,  
When all the East is guilded with her blush,  
Tis I will be reueng'd: but not before  
I haue espoused my louely Bellamira.

*Lew.* Espoused her!

*Nau.* How! marry, a face deform'd!

*Ferd.* A leproous creature!

*Pem.* An infectious mayd!

*Ro.* One, whose sores are perchance incurable!

*Phil.* Be they incurable, it is my Loue,

And for my sake she hath indur'd this wrong;

And, should I now forsake her thus distressed,

I could not merit a true Louers name.

To shew I loue her, I will marry her,

Before the moneth expire: nay in the morne:

Delays, perchance, may make her think I scorne.

*Bel.* Marry with me? fetch me a looking glasse,

That I may see how sweet a Bride I am.

Oh, I detest my selfe: Deare, hate me too:

I am not to be marryed but to death.

Though I were Empresse of the spacious world,

I'd lay my selfe and Kingdome at thy feet.

Loue, noble Philip, ioy some happyer match;

Tis my vnworthinesse makes me deny thee.

*Phi.* Thinkst thou, because thy face is spotted so,

Thou art not worthy of thy Philips loue?

Thy face to me was but a Marshall,

To lodge thy sacred person in my mind,

Which long agoe is surely chambered there:

And now what needs an outward Harbinger?

I doe affect, not superficially:

My loue extendeth further then the skin.

The inward Bellamira tis I seeke,

And vnto her will Philip be espoused.

*Nau.* Oh admirable loue!

*Lew.* Oh, my deare sonne,

Thou makest me famous by thy loyalty.

*Red. I*



*the tryall of Cheualry.*

*Red.* I neuer heard the like.

*Pemb.* Pen neuer write

A worthy Story to posterity.

*Fer.* Pen neuer write of a more treacherous friend,

Then, Pembroke, thou hast prou'd to Ferdinand.

*Phil.* Sweet Loue, prepare thee to be Philips Bryde!

For heere I sweare, as I am royall borne,

Ile marry thee, before the mornings Sunne

Hath runne the third part of his glorious course.

Father, good night: deare friends, deare Loue, good night:

Mariage, I hope, will make my spirits more light. *Exit.*

*Nan.* Good night, sweet son. King Lewes, stay with me,

Be thou my comforter, ile comfort thee. *Exeunt Kings.*

*Fer.* Pembroke, remember that thou faile me not. *Exit.*

*Pem.* O God, what may these moody lookes intend?

Me thinks, I should haue better from my friend. *Exit.*

*Bel.* Now, Bellamira, thou hast time to thinke

Vpon these troublous matters: should I suffer

So braue a Gentleman as Philip is,

To wed himselfe to my vnworthy selfe,

It would be counted vertue in the Prince;

But I were worthy of a world of blame.

No, Philip, no, thou shalt not wrong thine honour,

Nor be impeacht by Bellamiraes spots.

In some disguise ile steale away to night,

And ne're appeare more in my Philips sight. *Exit.*

*Enter Dicke Bowyer.*

*Bow.* There is no toyle to this walking of the Round:  
S'hart, I haue beene stumbling vp and downe all this  
night, like a Brewers horse, that has ne're a good eye in  
his head: 'Tis as darke as Pitch. I can resemble our  
Campe to nothing better then hell, saue that in hell they  
are alwayes waking, and heere the villaynes are as drow-  
sie as swyne. Lieutenant Nod! why, you might haue shot  
a double Cannon in his eare, and neuer haue wak't him:



## *The History of*

I iogd, and I iogd, I showed, and I showed, and yet the mungrel snorted, you might hear him to Douer: at last, I dragd him by the heeles into a ditch of water, and there left the Lobster crawling. At the tother side, Core being appoynted to stand Sentynell vpon the Wallounes quarter, & haue the Loach gets me into a Sutlers bath, and there sits mee drinking for Ioanes best eap: but by this hand, and as Dicke Bowyer is a Soldier, and a Cavaliero, he shall sit in the bouts for it to morrow. My comfort is in these extremities, that I brought Thomasin to her Ladies Tent, leauing her new-come Louer to picke strawes: but soft, *qui vous le*

*Enter Ferdinand.*

*Ferd.* My name is Ferdinand.

*Bow.* Stand.

*Ferd.* Why, Captayne, thou dost know me well enough.

*Bow.* Know, or not know, without the word you passe not.

*Ferd.* Soliman.

*Bow.* So, allie, allie, *Monseur.*

*Ferd.* First, tell me, sawest thou Pembroke come this

*Bow.* I saw him not. (way)

*Ferd.* Farewell. *Exit.*

*Bow.* As much to you. Zounds, these Frenchmen think to out-face vs with a card of ten: but, and his beard were made of brass, Dicke Bowyer will make him know the discipline of war. Here comes another.

*Enter Pembroke.*

*Pem.* Who's there? Dick Bowyer?

*Bow.* Some call me so, what then?

*Pem.* Pembroke salutes thee.

*Bow.* Oh, good morrow, my Lord, good morrow.

*Pem.* I prythee, Captayne, sawst thou Ferdinand, Sonne to Nauar, as thou didst walke the round?

*Bow.* Euen now, my Lord, he past along this way.

*Pem.* Himselfe alone? or had he company?

*Bow.* Nay questionlesse, he was alone, my Lord.

*Pem.* Couldst



*the tryall of Cheualry.*

*Pem.* Couldst thou discerne his face? how did he looke?

*Bow.* Faith, scruily, my Lord, like a greene cheese, or the inside of a rotten Pumpian.

*Pem.* There is Crownes for thee to drinke. *Exit Pem.*

*Bow.* I thanke your Lordship. To see the difference betweene these French Curres, and our English Cavaliers: there's as much bounty in them, as there's Marchpane in a dish of Almond butter. I might haue stood heere till my teeth chatter in my head, e're the tocher, Launcepriso would haue sayd, Here, Captayne Bowyer, there's a Cardicue, to wash downe melancholy. But had I knowne as much, I would haue basted him, till his bones had rattled in his skin.

*Enter Core and other Soldiers, bringing in the*

*Clowne.*

*All.* Come, sir, you shall answere your walking before our Captayne.

*Clow.* Well, sirs, take heed what you doe, I am a Princes man, if you stay me vpon the Kings hye way, I can lay fellowship to your charge.

*Core.* But sirra, wee can lay Treason to thine, for being without the word.

*Clow.* Without the word! O pernicious Frenchman! without the word! why, I haue call'd thee Villayne, him Rascall; this, Slaue; that, Rogue; and am I still without the word?

*Core.* I, sir, the word that must serue your turne, the Watch-word.

*Clow.* Fayth, y<sup>e</sup> are like to watch this twelue moneth, ere you haue any other words at my hands.

*Bow.* How now masters, what calfe are you dragging to the slaughter-house there? ha?

*Core.* A straggler, and a spy: Captayne, I pray examine him.

*Bow.* So, Lieutenant Core, you are crept from your cups at last, Ile talke with you anon: but, sirra, to you: From whence come you?

E

*Clow.* I



## *The History of*

*Clow.* I came, sir, from the King of Fraunces campe.

*Bow.* So, what's your name?

*Clow.* My name, sir, is Bow wow.

*Bow.* S'hart, what a name's that! the Hedge-hog mocks vs: Bow wow, quotha! what kin art thou to the generation of Dogges?

*Clow.* No dog, sir, would you should know it, though I be encompass't with curres.

*Bow.* Zounds, he calls vs curres, hang the hetch, potch vp in a fathom or two of match.

*Clow.* Not you, sir, I call not you so: I know you to be a very insufferent ill-spoken Gentleman.

*Bow.* Well, sirra, whom do you serue?

*Clow.* My master, sir, is the Lady Katharine, the French Kings daughter: I haue bin abroad about some businesse of hers, and am now going backe againe.

*Bow.* An honorable Lady, sir: let him goe: tis against the law of armes to stay him.

*Clow.* Stand of: but soft, I doe not know your name, sir, that my Lady may giue you thanks.

*Bow.* My name's Dicke Bowyer.

*Clow.* Then, master Dicke Bowyer, after my heartie commendations, adieu: but as for the rest, I shall, I say no more, I shall — *Exit.*

*Bow.* How now, Corc: how can you answer your being a tippling, when you should stand Sentinel?

*Corc.* Beleeue me, Captayne, I had but a whiffe or two: for I was passing dry.

*Bow.* Thou art alwayes dry: the whorson Mault-worm has a throat like the burning Clyme, or a Glasse-makers Furnace: But your remoue from thence has sap'd you from the boulds. How now, what Water Spanyell haue we heere? *Enter Nod.*

*Corc.* Tis Lieutenant Nod.

*Nod.* Captayne, deride me not: I protest, I came by this mischaunce by good seruite, by following a spy, that came to discouer our army.

*Bow.* O



*the tryall of Chivalry.*

*Bow.* O notable Rogue! did not I find thee asleep, and  
threw thee into a ditch?

*Ned.* Was't you? by this light, I tooke you for a spy.

*Bow.* Yet saw me not, no more then a Molewarp: this is  
an egregious Rogue.

*Ned.* Yes, I saw you well ynough, and I did but try how  
you would vse me.

*Bow.* By this flesh and bloud, many one that lyes in his  
graue, was not halfe so sencelesse: but the Watch breakes  
vp, euery one to his quarter, away. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Clowne.*

*Clow.* Tis true, they are gone together, and I am sent to  
watch Prince Ferdinand, and the Earle of Pembroke:  
this way they went; but they are got out of sight. I were  
very bad to be a Hound, that haue no better a sent: if they  
were hares, as they are men, I should think them squatted:  
but husht, here comes one of them.

*Enter Ferdinand.*

*(Storme,*

*Ferd.* The morne lookes red: red mornes doe threat a  
That storme shall light on Pembroke or my selfe.  
This is our meeting place; here runnes the streame  
That parts our camps: the time comforts the place;  
And (Pembroke) if thy reputation hold,  
It is thy q. to enter. *Enter Pembroke.*

*Clow.* Heere comes the tother, this is lucke vpon lucke:  
now will I run and fetch my mistris, the Lady Katharine,  
to part their fray. *Exit.*

*Pem.* Good end succeed my early heauynesse:  
Threetimes my feet, as loth to guide me hither,  
Haue stumbled in a playne and euen way,  
My sword forooke his scabberd once or twice,  
Bloud from my nostrilles thrice hath powted forth,  
And such a dymnesse ouerrunneth my sight,  
That I haue rang a tree to bee a man,  
And question'd with it about serious things.  
This is the place where I must meet my friend.  
Yonder he stands, Good morrow, Ferdinand.

*E 3*

*Ferd. Good*



## *The History of*

*Fer.* Good morrow to thy death: draw, Pembroke, draw,  
The ground thou treadst vpon, must be thy graue.

*Pem.* Draw vpon Ferdinand:

*Fer.* I, vpon me.

Dally not, Pembroke, I am bent to fight,  
And that with thee for the best blood thou bearest.

*Pem.* You haue some reason for this resolution.

*Fer.* My will.

*Pem.* A sorry argument to kill your friend.

I must haue better reason then your will,

Or ile not draw vpon my Ferdinand:

Our loue is older then of one dayes growth,

A yeres continuance hath vnited vs.

Haue we not made an enterchange of othes,

Sworne loue to one another twenty times,

Confirmed that friendship by society,

Encreasde it with the sympathy of mind,

Making one pleasure, pleasure vnto both:

And shall this bond be broken vpon will?

*Fer.* Then youle not draw?

*Pem.* Yes, neerer to thy person,

In friendly sort to imbrace thee, Ferdinand.

*Fer.* Thou art a coward, and thou dar'st not fight.

*Pem.* Thou know'st the contrary: for we haue fought  
At euery weapon, to approue our skill.

*Fer.* Go to, you are a villayne and a coward,

And by the royall blood that gaue me life,

Ile kill thee, Pembroke, though thou do not draw.

*Pem.* Kill me? thou wilt not wrong thine honour so:

*Fer.* Zounds, but I will: & traitor, take thou that. wounds

*Pem.* Wound me so desperately, may then ile draw, him.

Not to offend, but to defend my selfe.

Now I perceyue it is my blood thou seekst:

Witnessse you heauens, and all you gracious powers,

That stand auspicious to this enterprise,

That Pembroke drawes forth an vnwilling sword.

*Fer.* Why so, now manfully defend thy selfe.

*Pem.* And



*the tryall of Cheualry.*

*Pem.* Another wound? then Pembroke, rise thy spirit,  
And beare no longer with this haire-braynd man.  
Yet (Ferdinand) resolve me of the cause,  
That moues thee to this vnkind enterprise.  
And if I satisfie thee not in words,  
This double wound shall please thee with my bloud.  
Nay, with my sword I'll make a score of wounds,  
Rather then want of bloud diuorce thy loue.

*Fer.* I hate thee deadly, and I seek thy life.  
What other reason, Pembroke, wouldst thou haue?  
Prepare, prepare, in this conflict to thou,  
Thou art a Knight, and canst overcome thy foe.

*Pem.* And if I spare thee not, impute the cause  
To thine owne rashnes, and mine aking wounds.  
*Fight, and hurt each other, both fall downe*

*as dead.*  
*Fer.* I hope I haue slayne thee.

*Pem.* Oh, I feare thy life: how fares my Ferdinand?

*Fer.* What, liu'st thou yet? then my fare is ill.

*Pem.* I am markt for death,  
I feele a generall fayntnesse through my lymmes:  
Expende of bloud will soone expend my life.

*Fer.* The like debility my ioynts doe feele.

*Pem.* Then we must both dye in the latest of death.  
Tell me, oh tell me, whence proceeds this hate?

*Fer.* I feare not (Pembroke) to discouer now.  
Thou wert my Spokes-man vnto Katharine,  
And treacherously thou stol'st away her heart.  
Oh, I can say no more, my spirits doe fayne.  
Pembroke, farewell, I haue reueng'd my wrong.

*Pem.* Oh, yet a little longer, gracious time,  
Detayne his princely spirit in his brest,  
That I may tell him he is misse-inform'd,  
And purge my selfe vnto my dying friend:  
But death hath layd his num-cold hand vpon me:  
I am arrested to depart this life.  
Deare Ferdinand, although thou be my death,



## *The History of*

*On the friendly breathe my latest breath.*

*Enter Forrest.*

*For.* How full of pleasure is this Forrest life!  
My Parke I liken to a Common wealth,  
In which, my Bucks and Does are Citizens:  
The Hunts Lodge, the Court, from whence is sent  
Sentence of life or death, as please the King:  
Onely our government is a tyranny,  
In that wee kill our subjects upon sport;  
But stay, what Gentlemen doe heere lye slayne?  
If any sparke of life doe yet remayne,  
Ile helpe to fann it with my noble hande  
The Organ of his armes doth play apace,  
He is not so far spent, but that with helpe,  
He may recover to his former state.  
How is the other? I doe feele lost breath  
Breake from between his lips. Oh, for some ayd,  
To beare them to the Forrest, to my Lodge:  
But as I am, Ile try my utmost strength,  
To saue their liues: first seene, shall be the first:  
Patience, and Ile returne and fetch the other. *Exit.*

*Enter Fisherman.*

*Fisher.* My angle-rod is broke, my sport is done;  
But I will fetch my net, to catch some fish:  
To lose both fish and pleasure, is too much.  
Oh what contentment liues there in the brooke!  
What pretty trammes are made by cunning hands,  
To intrap the silly warry Citizens!  
But what art thou that lyes vpon the ground?  
Sleepst thou? or art thou slaine? hath breath his last?  
No sparke of life appeares: yet from his eye,  
Me thinks I see a glimmering light breake forth,  
Which wanting strength, is like a twilight glimpse.  
If there be any hope to saue his life,  
Ile try my utmost cunning. To my house,  
Poore Gentleman, Ile beare thee as a ghest,  
And eather cure thy wounds, or make thy graue. *Exit.*

*Enter*



*the tryall of Chualry.*

*Enter Forrester, missing the other taken away, speaks  
anything, and Exits*

*Enter Clowne and Katharine*

*Clow.* Iust in this circle I left the two Princes ready to draw; for I read the whole discourse of the Combate in their red eyes.

*Kath.* Heere lye their weapons, and heere flowes their bloud.

*Clow.* Haue they not slayne one another, and buried themselves?

*Kath.* Peace, foole, tis too sure, that they are slayne.

*Clow.* O Lord, then let mee turne my selfe into a Ballad, and mourne for them.

*Kath.* Thou angrest me, with ielling at my sorrow.  
Hence from my sight, my heart is full of griefe,  
And it will breake, the burthen is so great.

*Clow.* Goe from your sight, then let me goe out of your company: for I had as leene leaue your sight as your company. Is this my reward for watching and watching? Oh Mistris, doe not kill mee with y<sup>e</sup> kindnesse; I shall, I shall.

*Kath.* What shall you?

*Clow.* Weepe out mine eyes, and fill the holes with sack

*Kath.* I prythee leaue me, I am not displeasd, (water.  
But fayne would vent my sorrowe from my heart.  
Hold, take my purse, spend that, and leaue my presence:  
Go euery where, enquire my Pembroke out:  
And if thou bringst me to his breathlesse truncke,  
I will reward thee with a freble gift.

*Clow.* Well, I were best bee going, now I am so fayrely offred, Mistris, your reward hath stoppt my teares, and entic'de my legges to be walking. Farewell, I will goe, God knowes whither, to seeke and to finde both, and neyther.  
Farewell, sweet Mistris. *Exit.*

*Kath.* O Pembroke, let me kneele vnto thy bloud:  
And yet I know not whether 't be thy bloud.



## The History of

Saue that thy soule by a diuine instinct,  
Tells me it is the treasure of thy veynes.  
If thou beest dead, thou mirrour of all men,  
I vow to dye with thee: this field, this groue  
Shall be my receptacle till my last.  
Content with that that feeds the ayry soules,  
My pillow shall be made a banke of mosse,  
And what I drinke, the silver brooke shall yeeld.  
No other campe nor Court will Katharine haue,  
Till fates do limit her a common graue. **Exit.**

**Enter** *France, Lewes, Philip, Landers, The  
masin, and attendants.*

**Naw.** Our daughter fled: whither? which way? how?

**The.** I know not.

**Phil.** Bellamra, my liues joy,

Vpon those pinnyons that support her flight,

Houers my heart, you beare away my soule.

Turne, turne agayne, and giue this earthly frame

Essentiall power, which for thine absence dyes:

Thou art the sweet of sweets, the ioy of ioyes:

For thee was Philip borne. O turne agayne,

And Philip is the blessedest of men.

**Lew.** We are glad she's gone, though we dissemble it.

Sonne, bridle this affection, cease these lamentes,

Shee did not value them.

**Naw.** Lewes, she did,

Till sauage hate that shape diffigured.

**Phil.** O, she was worthy to be Queen of heaven.

Her beauty, ere it suffered violence,

Was like the Sunne in his Meridian Throne,

Too splendant for weake eyes to gaze vpon.

Shee was too bright before, till being hid

Vnder that enuious cloud, it tooke the place

Of a darke ground, to show a louelyer face.

That Leprosie in her seemd perfect beauty:

**And**



*the myall of Chivalry.*

And she did gild her name with vertue,  
With vertue, which no tye can loose, nor breath  
Could euer loyle, true vertues dye is such,  
That malice cannot stayne, nor enny tuch.  
Then say not but her worth is mounts these woes.

*Nas.* She giv'd to ye you too hated bed,  
And therefore followed Burbon for revenge.

*Phil.* Burbon, who names him the same verball sound  
Is like a thunderclap to Philips eares,  
Frighting my very soule. Sure, you said, Burbon,  
And to that predegie you joynd revenge:  
Reuenge, that like a shadow followes him.  
'Twas he that made me bankrupt of all blisse,  
Sude the distance of that pure white and red,  
Which deckt my Bellamiras lovely cheeks:  
And shall he scape unpunisht?

*Lew.* Loyne your hands,  
And all with vs sweare vengeance on the Duke.

*Phil.* Not for the world! who prosecutes his hate  
On Burbon, injures me: I am his foe,  
And none but I will worke his overthrow.

*Lew.* What meanes our sonne?

*Phil.* To hunt him for revenge,  
The darkest angle of this vniverse,  
Shall not contayne him through the bounded world:  
He prosecute his flight with ceaselesse stops:  
And when long trauell makes them dull or faynt,  
Bayting them fresh with Bellamiras wrongs,  
Like Eagles they shall cut the flaxen ayre,  
And in an instant bring me where he is.

*Lew.* Where goes our sonne?

*Phil.* To hell, to that in that kingdome,  
Fate would allotayne me to meet with Burbon,  
Where euer I confront him, that shall kill him.

*Nas.* Thou shalt haue ayd to compasse thy reuenge.

*Phil.* No ayd, but this strong arme: Farewell, farewell.  
Since Bellamira hath forooke her friend,

*Phil.* I seeke

F

I seeke



**The History of**

**I** seeke destruction (Barbon) and mine end.

**Lew.** Stay him, his fury will betray thy life.

**Nau.** Poore king made wretched by thy daughters blisse.

**Lew.** Poore king made wretched by thy desperat sonne.

**Enter Ferdinand.**

**Mess.** Spēd not your woes too fast; but save some teares  
To dew the obsequies of your dead sonne.

**Mess.** What, Ferdinand?

**Mess.** Hee's slaine by Pembroke's hands,

And Pembroke's flesh breache by Ferdinand.

Their quarrell is over, and their bodies

By some vnciuill hands contayned away,

And no inquiry can discover them.

**Nau.** Our sonne slaine Bellimprapoysoned!

Nauarre, teare off these bayres, and raging die!

**Enter Roderick.**

**Lew.** More Tragedies at hand, what new brings Rode-

**Red.** Such as will make the heavens, fencelesse trunkets.

Why doth your highnes in your foes tents

Reuell away the time, and yeld your person,

To the knowne maist of your enemies,

Whilst in your owne tents, rapine and soule lust,

Graspes your fayre daughter to dishonour her?

**Lew.** Our daughter?

**Red.** She is flye stolne from thence,

Yet none knowes whither, save one Septincil,

Who doth report he heard a wretched lady

Exclaime, false Ferdinand would ravish her;

**Lew.** That was my child dishonor'd by thy sonne.

**Nau.** You wrong him, Braunce.

**Lew.** Thou hast betrayed vs, king,

And traynd vs to a loathed festinall,

The mariage of thy staynd and leprous child,

Whilst in our absence, Ferdinand vniust,

Hath staine our daughters beaurie with vild lust.

**Flau.** If you remember, he & English Pembroke

Last day forooke your Campe, as discontent.

**Lew.** That



*the tryall of Cheuachy.*

**Lew.** That prou'd their ioues were faynd, and of set ma-  
He came to view our Campe, how he might act (lice,  
That deed of obloquy, and scape with lyte.

**Nau.** Tis France hath done the wrong: you haue cō-  
This deed of death on Pembroke's son; I mean  
And now to cover it, suggest and fayne words, and  
Our guiltlesse sonne a guilty rauiher:  
But render me their bodies.

**Lew.** Where's our Child?

**Nau.** Secke him: adoe to every and adoe to each: he's

**Lew.** Secke Ferdinand, I do not doubt he's there.

**Nau.** France.

**Lew.** Petty King,

For this our wrong, looks to be vnderling.

**Nau.** What Drum is this?

**Lew.** Are we intrapt, Naur?

**Red.** Feare not, on yonder hill, whose lofty head

Orelooks the vnder valleyes, Royall Burbon,

Attended by ten thousand Souldiers,

Craues pees and faire accord with mighty France.

**Nau.** Burbon, that was the ruine of my Child:

Summon our forces straight and charge the slayer.

**Fran.** In Burbons rescue draw our forces vp.

**Nau.** What meane the king of France?

**Red.** To ioyne with him: he's our brother.

**Nau.** What? with a Traytor and a murderer?

**Lew.** He did a deed of warre and of state.

Poysoned the Sister of a souerayn,

A Traquin, an incestuous Torment,

And our poore Child the wronged Philomell.

Arayne our Battails straight, and ioyne with Burbon:

**Nau.** Heare what wee leaue.

**Lew.** Speake then in warre and death.

In other termes, our rage will spend no breath.

**Nau.** And we will speake to bowd, who heares it selfe

Shall eccho with the danger: both our children

Weele sacre for our reuenge, and aduantage



*The History of*

No other thought, but how to plague proud France,  
Conioyne with Burbon, ere three Sunnes shall see,  
In the vast Kingdome of Oceanus:  
In a pitch field weele meet the King of France,  
And that false Traytors Duke.

*Lew.* Nauar, thou dar'st not.

*Nau.* Now by Saynt Dennis, and our Grandfathers tombe,  
Weele meet thee.

*Lew.* Welcome. O, bring valliant men,  
Weel think on nought but graues & tobs til then. *Exeunt.*

*Red.* Ha, ha: I laugh to see these Kings at warre:  
Now ciuill discord like a raging floud,  
Swelling aboue her banks, shall drowne this land,  
Whilst Rodorick on her ruines build his hope.  
The King of France through my suggestion,  
Thinks Katharine his daughter will be,  
Who onely winged with love, is fled the Campe,  
Pembroke and Ferdinand, in mutual strife,  
Slayne by eche other, doth confirme my words,  
And for rage, whetted the two Kings swords. *Exit.*

*Enter Pembroke and the Ferreller.*

*Pem.* I thank thee, Ferreller, whose rough growne walkt,  
Wild in aspect, afford more courtesy,  
Then place, for such a challenge.  
My life redeemed by thy hand, shall  
Remaynes in loue and duty bound to thee.

*For.* Fayre Knight, preuention of sad death, by health,  
More ioyes my soule, then thanks of rich reward.  
But is your honour safe? Is it well?

*Pem.* I neuer in my life was better faced.  
This should be that unlucky fottall place,  
Where causeless hate drew blood from Ferdinand.  
Behold the grasse, a purple register,  
Still blusseth in remembrance of our fight.  
Why wither not these trees, whose herbe and plant  
And



*the tryall of Cheualry.*

And euery neighbour branch drop out their grief:

Poore soules, they do, and haue wept out their sap,

Yet I haue paid no duty to my friend.

Where is the Tombe I will you to erect:

*Ferr.* See, valiant knight, proportiond and let vp,

As well as my poore self would suffer mee:

And here his picture hangs.

*Pemb.* You haue done well:

Your hand I see's a perfect Architect

In sorrowes building: once more let suffice

I quite your painfull travell but with thanks:

Now leaue me to my selfe, for here I vow

To spend the remnant of my haples dayes:

No knight nor Prince shall euer passe this way,

Before his tongue acknowledge *Ferrand*

The faythfullest loue and the louingst friend

The world contaynes: he haue his Sepulcher

As yet but naked and vngarnished,

E're many dayes hang richer with the spoiles

And vanquisht Trophyes of proud passengers,

Then was the Romanes wealthy Capitoll:

So, gentle Forrester, bequeath thy prayers

In my assistance; that is all I craue.

*Ferr.* The God of power giue power vnto you

That you may proue victorious fortunate. (*Exeunt.*)

*Pemb.* Farewel, kind Host: or now let me embrace

This empty Monument of my lost friend.

Oh! wer't so happy to enshrine his bones,

How blest should *Pembroke* be: but they are torne

By the fierce savage Wolfe, whose filthy maw

Is made an vnfit graue to bury him.

But if (without offence) I may desire it,

I wish his soule from Paradise may see,

How well his name is kept in memorie:

These eyes that saw him bleed, haue wept for him:

This heart deuilde his harme, hath sigh'd for him:

And now, this hand, that with vngentle force



*The History of*

Depry'd his life, shall with repentant service,  
Make treble satisfaction to his soule.  
Fortune, thou dost me wrong, to suffer me  
So long vncombated: I pray thee send  
Some itubborne Knight, some passenger,  
Whose stout controuling stomacke will refuse  
To yeeld to my prescription, but by force.  
I hate this idle rest of precious time.

How now! derid'st thou my deuotion, goddess? *Enter*  
Thou sendst a woman to encounter me. *Kath.*  
Henceforth ile hold thee for a fayned name,  
And no disposer of my Christian hopes:  
But soft, I know that face; oh! 'tis she  
Was vnjust cause of all this misery.

*Kath.* Long haue I wandred with vnquiet mind,  
To find my Pembroke: that they fought, I heare;  
That they were wounded both to death, I heare;  
But whether cur'd or dead, I cannot heare;  
Nor liues there any (if deccad) can tell,  
Within what place their bodies are interr'd.  
Since therefore all my trauell is in vayne,  
Here will I take a truce with former care.  
This cursed nooke was that vnlucky plot,  
Where cursed Ferdinand did kill my Lone.  
What Knight is this? Ile question him, perhaps  
He can reuelue me where my Pembroke is:  
Ioy and good fortune, fir, attend your state.

*Pem.* Your wishes come too late.  
V What seeke you, Madam?

*Kath.* Tel me, fir knight, for so you seeme to be:  
Know you this dismal place you do frequent  
Or haue you heard of that unhappy fight?  
V Was here perform'd by Pembroke and his foe?

*Pem.* Yes, Madam, I haue heard of it long since,  
And, to my griefe, knew both the Gentlemen.

*Kat.* But can you tell me if they liue or not?  
Or dead, what hand hath giuen them buryall?

*Pem. Kath.*



*the tryall of Cheualry.*

*Pem.* Rest you assured, Madam, they are dead;  
The one of them to whom I was allyed,  
And neerely knit in friendship from my youth,  
By me lyes buried here: a braver Knight,  
And truer Louer neuer breathed in France.

*Kath.* O tell me, Sir Pembroke, for I thinke  
You haue caused this fayre monument,  
Perpetuall honour I will doe your state.

*Pem.* Not only Madam, haue I built this tombe  
In his memorie: but my selfe haue sworne  
Continuall residence within this Wood:  
And for the loue I beare him, wear these Armes,  
That whaeuer Knight, aduenter or other,  
Making his iourney this way, and refusing  
To do Knights homage to my breathlesse friend,  
By this assaying Steele may be compeld.

*Kath.* Oh, let me know your name, so kindly mou'd,  
To dignifie my Penbrookes high deserts.

*Pem.* You did not heare me say twas Pebrook, Madam:  
What is become of him, I doe not know,  
Nor greatly care, since he did wrong my friend,  
And first inkindled this diffensious brawle.  
This buried here, is noble Ferdinand,  
His fathers comfort, and his Countreyes hope.  
Oh Madam! had you seene him as I did,  
Begirt with wounds, that like so many monthes,  
Seem'd to complaine his timelesse overthrow:  
And had before bin inward with his vertues,  
To thinke that nature should endure such wracke,  
And at one time so many pretious gifts  
Perish by death, would haue disordr'd your heart.  
He was the very pride of fortitude,  
The house of vertue, and true friendships mirror:  
Looke on his picture, in the armes of death,  
When he was ready to giue vp the ghost,  
I caus'd it to be drawne: if at that time,  
In that extremity of bitter pangs,



## *The History of*

He looks so lovely, had so fresh a colour,  
So quick a moving eye, so red a lip,  
What was his beauty when he was in health?  
See with what courage he indu'd the combat,  
Smiling at death for all his tyranny,  
Had death bin ought but what he was, *fernd death*,  
He would haue bin enamour'd with his looks.

*Katb.* A certayne soft remembrance  
Creeps to my heart, perswades me he was true,  
Louing, and vertuous: but my selfe ynkind,  
Coyly to scorne the proffer of his mind.

*Pem.* O that in iustice of her former hate,  
She now would hopelesse dote on Ferdinand!  
He do the best I can to bring her on,  
Despaire and madnesse, fetch her off againe.  
Madam, how say you? wast not a grieuous thing,  
So rich a Iem, should lye rak't vp in dust?  
So sweet a flower, be withred in his prime?

*Katb.* Death was a villayne for attempting it,  
And so was Pembroke for effecting it.  
No bloody Scythian, or inhumane Turke,  
But would ha trembled to ha toucht his skin,  
Or spilt one drop of his Heroick blood.

*Pem.* Had not that Lady then an yron heart?  
A rude ingratefull mind? a sanadge spirit?  
That knew this vertuous honourable Knight,  
This gracious shape, and yomatche excellence,  
To be intangled with her feruent loue,  
To serue her in all loyalty of heart,  
To reuerence and adore her very name,  
To be content to kisse the lowly earth,  
Where she did set her foot: and when he sued  
For grace, to scorne him, to deride his sighes,  
And hold his teares and torment in contempt:  
Of all that euer liu'd, deserv'd shame,  
The worlds reproch, and times perpetuall blot.

*Kat.* Heard you him ever speak of such a one?

*Pem.* Oft



*the tryall of Chivalry.*

*Pem.* Oft times: but chiefly then, when he percey'd,  
His hurt was mortall, and no way but death.  
At every groane, he cald vpon her name,  
As if that sound were present remedy:  
And when insulting death drew short his breath,  
And now was ready to close vp his eyes:  
Farewell, quoth he, where e're I find a shrine,  
My soule fly thou to beauntious Katharine.

*Kat.* That ruthlesse mind, that iron sauage heart,  
So greatly loued, and so little louing,  
Breathes in this brest, 'twas I returnd disdain,  
For deepe affection; scorne for loyalty:  
And now compassionlesse shall pine my selfe.  
Oh Ferdinand, forgiue me, Ferdinand:  
Inioyne me any penance for that wrong;  
Say I shall tread a tedious pilgrimage  
To furthest Palestine, and I will do it.  
But peace, fond womā, these exclaymes are vaine:  
Thy Ferdinand is dead and cannot heare,  
As thou wast sometimes deafe, and wouldst not heare.

*Pemb.* A iust reward. Come, Madam, haue you done?  
Giue me the picture I may hang it vp.

*Katb.* Oh take it not away: since I haue lost  
The substance, suffer me to keepe the shaddow:  
Me thinks, so long as this is in my hand,  
I claspe my Ferdinand betweene mine armes:  
So long as I behold this liuely forme,  
So long am I refreshed by his smiles:  
So long, me thinks, I heare him speake to me.  
Knew I the Paynter drew this counterfeyt,  
I would reward him with a mynt of gold.

*Pem.* If such a pleasure you receyue by this,  
I tell you, Madam, I shall shortly haue  
His whole proportion cut in Alablaster,  
Armd as he was when he encountered here,  
Which kneeling shall be set vpon his tombe.

*Katb.* On that condition I will gather flowers,

G

And



## The History of

And once aday come straw them at his feet :  
And once a day pay tribute of choyce thanks  
To you the furtherer of my happinesse:  
Till then, I place the picture where it was.

*Enter Clowne, and Bellamira.*

*Clow.* Come on, Madam, methinks now a maske would  
do well: but I perceyue your drift, I smell your policy, you  
think a bald face hath no need of a black mask. Shall I tel  
you what you looke like? A broyld herring, or a tortur'd  
Image made of playster worke.

*Bel.* So, sirra, you may scoffe my misery.

*Pem.* Still haunted with these women? are men vanish?  
Or what occasion leaues the Realme of Fraunce,  
So voyd and empty of aduenturous Knights?

*Clow.* Out of peradventure, Madam, the ghost of Saint  
George is come out of England, to see what hospitality S.  
Denis keeps in Fraunce.

*Pem.* Poore Bellamira, I lament thy state;  
But I must still suppress my discontent.  
What are you so deformd with lothsome spots?  
And what that Anticke keeps you company?

*Clow.* Anticke! thou lyest, and thou wert a Knight of  
ginger-bread: I am no Anticke, the whole parish where I  
was borne will sweare, that since the raigne of Charlemain  
there was not a better face bred or brought vp amongst  
them.

*Pem.* Away, ye rustling.  
*Kath.* Haue patience, Knight, how euer thus deform'd,  
This Lady is the daughter of Nauar.  
Madam, it ioyes me I haue met you heere,  
Though much laments me of your heavy plight.  
There needs no repetition of your wrong:  
I know, the villayne Burbon did the deed,  
Whom my incensed brother will reuenge.

*Bel.* For Philips sake I haue bin martyrd thus,  
And for his sake left King and Courtly life,  
To entertayne a Pilgrims paynefull habit,  
But on what strange aduenture styes this Knight,

Within



*the tryall of Cheualry.*

Within this desolate forsaken wood?

*Kat.* For loue of Ferdinand your princely brother,  
Whose Hearse he gards in honourable Armes.

*Bel.* Is this my brothers Hearse? is this the place,  
Where I was shipwrackt of a brothers name?

Oh, let me spend a louing sigh for him,

And sacrifice a sisters holy rites:

For euer rest, sweet Ferdinand, in peace,

Vntill thy body glorified from heauen,

Become immortall by thy soules returne.

*Pem.* Poore Bellamira, how I pity thee!

Yet must forbear to comfort thy distresse.

*Clow.* Is my yong Lord buried here? I say no more, but  
I pray God send him a ioyfull insurrection.

*Kath.* Inough, sweet Bellamire,

These leprous spots, tis time they were remou'd.

Come, goe with me. Since I left Aquitayne,

And came acquainted with these private walks,

It was my happy chance to meet an Hermit,

Whose skill in Phisike warrants present cure,

And pure refining of your poysoned bloud:

Ile bring you thither: afterward select

Delicious sweets, to decke your brothers tombe.

Come, sirra, follow vs.

*Exeunt.*

*Clow.* Doe not think, Madam, that ile forsake you. And  
so, sir, you that walk in pewter vessayle, like one of the wor-  
thy,es, will you be rul'd by me?

*Pem.* Wherein?

*(first. Exit.*

*Clow.* To set a gyn for Woodcocks, & catch your selfe

*Pem.* Hence, beetle-head. And Pembroke, now bethink

How great a tyde of miseries breakes in.

First, thou art taxed with the losse of him,

Whom equall with thy selfe thou holdest deare:

Next, Bellamira is become a Leper,

Whose absence Philip carefully laments:

Then trecherous Burbon ioynes himselfe with Fraunce,

And both the Kings are angerly incens'd:

*G 2*

*But*



## *The History of*

But last, which is some comfort to the rest,  
Disdaynfull Katharine wastes with fruitlesse loue;  
Would all so minded like mishap might proue.  
But by this signall there are Knights at hand,  
I must prouide their valours to withstand.

*Enter Fraunce, Barbon, Redoricke, Peter de Lions,  
at one doore: at the other, Nauar, Flanders,  
Dicke Bowyer, and Souldiers, Pembroke  
betweene them.*

*Pem.* Stay your intended march.

*Lew.* What Peere of Fraunce,

Or in the world so haughty reblate,  
Dare breathe the word of stay to mighty Fraunce?

*Na.* Or what art thou presum'it to stay my course?

*Pem.* A Knight I am, and to aduentures bound:  
This monument erected for my friend,  
By me is garded: If you meane to passe,  
You must doe homage, or else fight with me.

*Lew.* Homage of me! Know I am King of France,  
And in subiection to no earthly power.

*Nau.* Thou knowst not what thou sayst, to challenge vs,  
Of any such inferiour priuiledge.  
What homage is it thou requir'st of vs?

*Pem.* First, to acknowledge him lyes buried here,  
The faythfullst Louer, and most valyant Knight,  
That in this time drew sword, or manag'd horse.

*Bow.* And what was he? A scapart, or your Countrey-  
man Gargantua, that stufte euery button of his coate with  
a load of hay? Sharr, wee haue met a fellow; here's all  
mouth, hee speakes nothing but Monarch. Dost thou  
heare, King? giue me leaue to incounter this pockfist: and  
if I doe not make him cry *Peccavi*, say Dicke Bowyer's a  
powdred Mackrell.

*Pet.* My bloud beginnes to boyle, I could be pleas'd,  
To



*the tryall of Cheualry.*

To haue this fellow by the eares, but that  
Theres many of my betters heere in place.

*Fland.* King of Nauarre, let Flanders cope with him.

*Burb.* Imperiall France, giue Burbon leaue to try  
The hazzard of a combat with this Boaster.

*Pem.* Dispatch, Nauarre, one of you come forth,  
To enterchange a warlike blow or two.

*Lew.* First let vs know what penaley thou setst  
Vpon thy selfe, if thou be vanquished.

*Pem.* A recantation of my former wordes,  
A seruitude to him that conquers me:

But who so euer is by me subdued,  
Must leaue his Shield to beautifie this shrine.

*Bur.* Let not Nauar, my Lord, rob vs of honor:  
Say, Burbon first shall breake a Launce with him.

*Red.* A scribe that priuiledge, my Lord, to mee:  
And Rodorick will haue death, or victory.

*Lew.* No, noble Rodorick, Burbon shall begin,  
And as he speedes, we will imploy your power.

*Pem.* Provide thee, Burbon, Ile not fauour thee.

*Bur.* Be sure He shew thee like hostility.

*Lew.* Hold, the aduantage is on thy side,  
The Duke of Burbon shal hang vp his shield.

*Pem.* Ide rather haue his life, then al your shields:  
Who is next? (Shields

*Bow.* Zounds, I think he has a patten to take vp all the  
ith Countrey, hang mee if thou wantst worke, heeres for  
Nauar, the earle of Pembrok & Capaliero Bowier: (Fight  
A thousand pound to a Taylors bodkin, this fellow has a  
familiar: but howsoeuer, thou mayst thank my lame legge:  
theres my shield.

*Lew.* Now Rodorick, beake you to your raske. (Fight.

*Rodor.* My fortune's answerable to the rest.

*Lew.* Since all misearrie, Fraunce will put his chaunce  
Vpon the hazzard of the Dice for once.

*Pem.* You are an Honorable foe, my Lord: (Fight.

By law of Armes, you must hang vp your shield.



*The History of*

*Lew.* I yeld to law and thy approqued valour  
King of Nauar, will onely you sit out.

*Nau.* No, king of Fraunce, my blood's as hot as thine,  
And this my weapon shall confirme my words. *(Fight.)*

*Bow.* Nauar down too! Shart, this fellow hath the trick  
If he be not a witch or some Deuill, let me be  
slicke into a Carbinado. *(Of it:)*

*Nau.* Thou sonne of Chiualrie, let me now intreate,  
To know his name, for whome thou reapst this honor:  
Or what he was, whose bodie's heere interde?

*Pem.* A valiant Knight, his name, yong Ferdinand,  
Slayne by misfortune of a friendly hand.

*Nau.* Is it my sonne thou mak'st thy valours prise,  
And stru'st so to eternize with thy sword?  
Let me imbrace thee. Not alone my shield,  
But I will leaue my heart ypon his shrine.  
My dearest Ferdinand, I would my sighes,  
Or sad lamenting teares might haue the power,  
Like Balme to quicken thy benumbed ioynts,  
Then would I drowne this marble e're I went,  
And heat it hote with vapour of my breath.

*Lew.* Nauar, this now may testify thy wrong,  
In false accusing me for his remoue.

*Na.* Thou maist be guilty stil for ought I know:  
For though I find him dead, I find not yet  
The Tragick maner of his haples end:  
Thou mayst as well haue murdered Ferdinand,  
As fauour him hath poyson'd Bellamira.

*Lew.* Iniurious king, it was base Ferdinand,  
On whom iust heauens haue shown iust vengeance heere,  
Rauisht my Katharine and conuayed her hence,  
Where I shall neuer more behold her face.

*Nau.* Tis false, and wee'le mayntain it with our swords.

*Lew.* Tis true, and wee'le mayntain it with our swords.

*Pem.* By heauen, the tounge prophanes the sacred name  
of Ferdinand with any villany,

*He*



*the tryall of Cheualry.*

He cut it out, or stop his throat with bloud,  
And so dam in his blasphemous vpbaydes.

*Nau.* Content thee, knight, He ease thee of that labor.  
To morrow is expir'd the time of truce.  
Fraunce, on with thy Battalions to the plaine  
Thou wast prepar'd before to pitch vpon,  
He meet thee there.

*Lew.* And I will meet with thee.  
Sound Drums and Trumpets: honor'd knight, farewell:  
Who shal suruiue next morn, strage newes shal tel. *Exeunt.*

*Pem.* Thus heady rage, blind in her rash resolute  
Drew Ferdinand and mee into the field,  
As now it doth these hot incensed kings.  
Wer't not my vowes prohibit my desire,  
To stay the inconuenience of this fight,  
I would discouer where their Daughters are,  
To shew the error they are throuded in:  
But Time hath run a desperate course with mee,  
And desperate let them runne to misery:  
Here comes a Straggler of their Army, Stand.

*Enter Philip.*

*Phil.* What voice is that presumes to byd me stand?

*Pem.* His that can force thee, if thou wilt not stand.

*Phil.* By this bright ayre reflecteth on my sword,  
If the whole Army of Nauar had said  
As much to Philip, yet he would not stand.  
And thou but one, how dar'st thou profer it,  
Knowing how sharp a Spurre doth pricke me on,  
The death of Burbon for my Bellamire?

*Pem.* Hang vp thy shield, as other knights haue done,  
Vpon the Hearse of noble Ferdinand,  
And thou mayest freely passe without controule.

*Phil.* The Hearse of Ferdinand! I honor him,  
He was the brother of my dearest Loue,  
What's this I see? my fathers batter'd shield!  
The shield of Fraunce! of Flaunders! Burbon too!



## *The History of*

It can not then impeach or preiudice  
The name of Philip, to consort with such,  
Especially being done for Ferdinand.  
There is my shield: and Knight, but for my haste,  
I would expostulate of other things:  
But after traytrous Burbon I haue slayne,  
Knight, looke for me, ile visit thee agayne.  
Now Rodorick, keepe thy word, and I am blest:  
But if thou sayle, ile forward with the rest. *Exit.*

*Pem.* Successfull action sit vpon thy sword:  
This net of sorrowes, I perceyue, intangles  
Not only Pembroke, but the Court of France,  
Nauar and his associates are all toucht.  
Time looke vpon vs, and at last determine,  
This heart-discouering tumults with a peace.

*Enter Ferdinand.*

*Ferd.* Since, Ferdinand, by gracious prouidence,  
Thou art recovered of thy mortall wounds;  
With the new life thy body is reuiude,  
Reuiue the ancient passions of thy mind,  
Think on thy friend, on Pembroke take remorse,  
Whose honord life, thy hasty hand cut off:  
This is the place, as I remember mee,  
Whats heere? a Tombe? who hath preuented me  
In my religious duty to my friend?  
You, Knight, I doubt not, can resolute me.

*Pem.* What art thou? stand.

*Ferd.* A Knight, and sayne would know,  
What sacred monument and Tombethis is?

*Pem.* His, whilst he liu'd, that of the worlds increase,  
Was the most loyall friend, and valiant Knight;  
Which thou must likewise ratifie with me,  
And hang thy shield vp to adorne his Hearse,  
Or venture Combate for denying it.

*Fer.* His name, I pray thee.

*Pem.* Ferdinand.

*Fer.* What's he acquainted with my name? belike some  
Lou'd



*the tryall of Cheualry.*

Lou'd Pembroke, and supposing (wrongfully)

Me slaine by him, to satilise for that,

Obserues this honor in my memory:

Be not thou Ferdinand ingratefull then,

But stand for Pembroke, as this knight for thee.

*Pem.* What answere giuest thou? shal I homage haue?

*Fer.* Not for his sake thou nam'st, not for Ferdinand:

There liu'd a knight exceld his petty fame,

As farre as costly Pearle the coursest Pebble:

An English knight cald Pembroke, were his bones

Interred heere, I would confesse of him

Much more then thou requir'st, and be content

To hang both shield and sword vpon his Hearse.

*Pem.* How comes this stranger by my name? Belike  
He was affected vnto Ferdinand:

And for his sake (hearing he did me wrong)

Couets to make amends, or meanes to prooue

If I embrace him with vnfayned loue.

He shall not doubt of that, once more I say,

'Twas Ferdinand was the renowned Knight

Of all the world.

*Fer.* But I deny that saying,

Giuing to Pembroke that preeminence.

*Pem.* For Ferdinand my valour will I try.

*Fer.* In Pembrookes valour I will fight and die.

*Discover eche other in fighting.*

*Pem.* Eyther I dreame, or this is Ferdinand.

*Fer.* My sight deludes me, or stout Pembroke lyues.

*Pem.* Thrice happy honor, I do embrace my friend.

*Fer.* Welcome, oh welcome Pembrok, to myne armes,  
Whom I imagined, death had tane from me.

*Pem.* The like did I by Princely Ferdinand:  
But that he liues, my soule confounds with ioy.

*Fer.* Tell me, deare friend, since our vnlucky fight,  
Haue you heard ought of my disdainfull Louer?

*Pem.* Of her and all the rest: Her father liues:  
This is his shield, and this is great Nauars:

H

This



## *The History of*

This Rodoricks, the Duke of Orleance,  
And this malicious Burbons; all the which  
I forc't from them, to beautifie thy shrine.  
But tis of Katharine thou desir'st to heare:  
She likewise hath bin here; her flinty heart,  
So much before inclin'd to cruelty,  
Now waxeth tender: she no sooner saw  
Thy picture here; but by heauens prouidence,  
Or how I know not, she so doats on it,  
As I supposde she would a dyed for loue.

*Fer.* Has then my shaddow and supposed death  
Brought that to passe my liuing substance could not?

*Pem.* It hath, and neuer Lady more enamour'd,  
Then now is Katharine of her Ferdinand.  
I told her, and no more then truth I told,  
A cunning Caruer had cut out thy shape  
And whole proportion in white Alablaster,  
Which I intended here should be set vp.  
She earnestly entreated she might haue  
A sight of it, and dayly be permitted  
To deck thy tombe and statue with sweet flowers.  
Shee's but euen now departed to that end,  
And will (I know) be quickly here agayne.  
Now for assurance I dissemble not,  
Instead of thy resemblance cut in stone,  
Kneele here thy selfe, and heare her pitious mone.

*Fer.* Content, I hold your counsell for the best:  
Weele once conclude our sorrowes with a iest.

*Pem.* Soft, there's a cushē: nay, you must be bare,  
And hold your hands vp, as the maner is.

*Fer.* What if I held a booke, as if I prayed?

*Pem.* Twere best of all; and now I think vpon't,  
Here is a booke: so, keepe your countenance,  
You must imagine now you are transform'd.  
Yonder she comes, in any case stir not.

*Enter Katharine.*

*Kath.* I feare I haue detracted time too long.  
In



*the tryall of Cheualry.*

In my determinde seruice to my Loue:  
But Ile redeeme my fault with double care,  
See where his statue is set vp: kind Knight,  
For euer Katharine will record thy truth.

*Pem.* How say you, Madam, ist not very like him?

*Kath.* As like, as if it were himselfe indeed.

And would to God my prayers might be heard,  
That as the Image of Pigmalion once,  
Life might delcend into this sencelesse stone:

But that was faynd, as my desire is fond,  
Relentlesse death withholds my Ferdinand;  
And no intreaty may recouer him.

In token then I doe repent my lorne,  
That I was cruell to so kind a friend,  
Thou the presenter of his absent person,  
Receiue these sweets, thy temples be adornd  
With this fresh garland; thy white Iuory hand  
Boast of this King, which if thou wert aliue,  
Should bind our taythes vp in a nuptiall knot:  
But for thou canst not be reuiu'd agayne,  
Ile dwell with thee in death: and as my spirit  
Mounts to the happy mansion of thy spirit:  
So to accompany thy shaddow here,  
Ile turne my body to a shaddow too;  
And kneeling thus, confront thy silent lookes,  
With my sad looks: this is the Instrument.  
Now Ferdinand, behold thy Katharine comes.

*Fer.* And she is welcome vnto Ferdinand.

*Pem.* Ile play the clark for both, and say Amen.  
Nay, muse not, Madam, tis no sencelesse Image,  
But the true essence of your wished Loue.

*Kath.* I am asham'd to looke him in the face.

*Fer.* Hide not those splendat lights, hereafter be  
A constant wife, it shall suffice for me.

*Kat.* Heauen cast her off, if Katharine proue not so.

*Pem.* Of that no more: now let vs haste from hence,  
To quiet the dissension lately sprung



## *The History of*

Betweene your parents, Philip likewise gone,  
To be reueng'd on Burbons trechery,  
Perhaps may stand in need of friendly ayd:  
To him and them our vov'es must next be payd.  
*Fer.* What Pembroke counsels, we cōsent vnto. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Rodoricke and Philip.*

*Red.* Now whilest our Armies wearied with the heat  
That the bright sunne casts from his midday throne,  
Abstayne from bloudy entercourse of warre,  
Ile lead thee Philip vnto Burbons Tent.

*Phil.* Rodoricke, thou highly fauourest me in this,  
And doubt not, if my complot take effect,  
Ile make thee Duke of Burbon.

*Enter Lewes, Flaunders, and Burbon.*

*Red.* Stay your speach, heere comes king Lewis.

*Phil.* They can not know me, I am so disguisde.

*Burb.* Follow my counsaile, and immediatly begin the

*Lew.* Why, the heat's great, (Battayle.

It burnes in our Armour as we march.

*Flan.* It burnes the enemy as well as wee.

*Bur.* It warms our Souldiers spirits & makes them fire:

I had rather dye, then when my bloud is hot,

Be awde by counsell, till it freeze like Ice:

He is no Souldier, that for feare of heat,

Will suffer victory to fly the field.

*Red.* My Lord of Burbon, ye are more hot then wise.

*Bur.* Rodorick, me thinkes you are very peremptory.

*Red.* It is in zeale of the generall good:

Go to your Tent, refresh your vnschorcht lymmes:

There draw your battels modell: and as soone

As the coole winds haue fand the burning Sunne,

And made it tractable for trauaylers:

Arme you, and mount vpon your barbed Steed,

Lead



*the tryall of Chenuatry.*

Lead forth your Souldiers, and in good array,  
Charge brauely on the Army of our foe.

*Lew.* The Duke of Orleance hath counfeld well,  
Ile in and recreate me in my Tent.

Farewell, my Lord, when you resolue to fight,  
Proclayme your meaning by a Canons mouth,  
And with a volley I will answere you. *Exit Lewes.*

*Bar.* If you will needs retyre, farewell my Lord.  
Ha Rodoricke, are not we fine Polyticians,  
That haue so quaintly wrought the King of Fraunce  
Vnto our faction, that he threatens warre,  
Against the almost reconcilde Nauar?

*Red.* But this is nothing to the actes weele do:  
Come, come, my Lord, you trifle time with words:  
Sit downe, sit downe, and make your warlike plot:  
But wherfore stand these murdrous Glaues so nyce?

*Phil.* Touch them not, Rodorick, prythee let them stand.

*Bar.* Some paper, pen, and incke. *Enter Peter.*

*Peter.* My Lord.

*Bar.* Post to the Master Gunner,  
And bid him plant his demy culuerings  
Against the kings pauilion.

*Peter.* Presently.

*Bar.* But first, bring pen and incke and paper straight.  
Rodoricke, thou shalt alsist mee in this plot.

*Red.* Do it your selfe, my Lord, I haue a charge  
Of Souldiers, that are very mutinous,  
And long I dare not stay, for feare my absence  
Be cause of their reuolt vnto Nauar.

*Bar.* Then to your Souldiers: I will to my plot.

*Phil.* Away my Lord, leaue me vnto the Duke.

*Red.* Kill you the Duke, and after Ile kill thee.

*Bar.* This pen is stabbed, and it will not write,  
The Incke that's in the Standage doth looke blacke,  
This in my pen is turnd as red as bloud.

*Phil.* The reason that the platforme you would make,  
Must by this hand be written with thy bloud.



## *The History of*

*Bur.* Zounds, what art thou that threatens *Burbon* so?

*Phil.* One that's as desperat-carelesse of his life,  
As thou art timerous, and fearst to dye.

*Bur.* Comest thou to kill me?

*Phil.* If I should say no,  
This weapon would condemne me, which I seyz'd  
Of purpose, *Burbon*, to bereaue thy life.

*Bur.* Why, fond man, mad man, know'st thou what thou

*Phil.* I know it, *Burbon*, and I know besides, (doest?)  
What thou wouldst say, to daunt my resolution.

*Burb.* What would I say?

*Phil.* Why, that this place is death,  
As being thy Tent, enuiron'd with thy slaues;  
Where if I kill thee, tis impossible  
To scape with life: this, *Burbon*, thou wouldst say:  
But *Philip* is not to be mou'd with words.

*Burb.* *Philip*!

*Phil.* I *Philip*, *Bellamirae* Loue,  
Whole beauty, villayne, thou hast poysoned:  
For which I haue vow'd thy death, and thou shalt dye.  
Therefore betake you to what fence you will,  
Amongst this bundle chuse one weapon forth,  
And like a worthy Duke prepare thy selfe,  
In knightly maner to defend thy life:  
For I will fight with thee, and kill thee too,  
Or thou shalt giue an end vnto my life.  
But if thou call vnto thy slaues for helpe,  
*Burbon*, my sword shall nayle thee to the wall:  
And thinke Prince *Philip* is a Prince indeed,  
To giue thee this aduantage for thy life.

*Bur.* Boy, I will scourge your insolence with death.

*Phil.* Come on.

*Fight, and kill Burbon.*

*Bur.* Oh, I am slayne.

*Red.* Murder, murder, *Burbon* the Duke is slayne.

*Phil.* Peace, *Rodorick*, I am *Philip* thy deare friend.

*Red.* Thou art a counterfet, I know thee not.

*Phil.* Didst



*the tryall of Chivalry.*

*Phil.* Didst not thou guide me vnto Burbons Tent?

*Rod.* I guide thee to the Tent: I know thee not.  
What, murder, ho? will no man heare my voyce?

*Enter Peter, and 2. or 3. souldiers.*

*Pet.* Yes, here are those can heare well ynough.  
Where is the murdered, and the murderer?

*Rod.* Peter, behold thy masters breathlesse truncke,  
And there's Prince Philip that hath murdered him.

*Pet.* To auoyd prolixity, Ile kill him:  
Yet first giue me leaue to weepe for my master.

*Rod.* First, seythe the murderer, and after weepe.

*Phil.* He that first ventures to attach my life,  
Let him be sure he hath a life to spare:

For I will send one breathlesse to the graue.

*Pet.* You that haue nyn liues, assault the gentleman.

*Rod.* What peasants, dare you not attach the slaue?  
Ile rayse the whole Campe, but ile apprehend him,  
Alarum drummes: Souldiers, incircle him,  
And cyther apprehend or slay the wretch.

*Enter Pembroke, and Ferdinand.*

*Pem.* Tis princely Philip, helpe to rescue him.

*Rod.* What slaues are these that dare oppose thes slaues,  
In rescue of a murderer 'gainst an Host?

*Fer.* Such as will make thee, Rodorick, fly for life.

*Pet.* Zounds, men are mortall; to auoyd prolixity, my  
Lord of Orleance, your best course is flying, and therein I  
will be your follower.

*Rod.* Fly before three, and be thus strong.  
'Twere madnesse.

*Pem.* We trifle time, let's drine them from the Tent.

*Alarum*



## *The History of*

*Alarum, and drive away Peter and  
Rodoricke.*

*Pem.* Live, worthy Philip, Pembroke bids thee live,  
That did suspect this complot at the tombe,  
When in the honour of Prince Ferdinand,  
You did resigne your shield.

*Phil.* Th' Earle of Pembroke!

*Fer.* And Ferdinand that loues thee as his soule.

*Phil.* Two liues I owe my starres, beside mine owne,  
In sending me two friends of such import.  
Durst you aduenture thorow the enemies Campe,  
And put your liues in danger to saue mine?

*Pem.* The rumour of the Duke of Burbons death,  
Hath so posselt the Campe with admiration,  
That they regardlesse suffer all to passe:  
Only this, Rodorick wakens them a little;  
But cannot weane them from their wondring minds.

*Phil.* That Rodorick is a perfect villayne turn'd:  
For though he guided me vnto his Tent,  
And gaue his liking that the Duke should dye;  
Yet how the villayne cryed to murder me.  
But come, in this confusion let's be gone,  
Tis dangerous to abide in Burbons Tent.  
Rodoricke, thou art the next must taste of death:  
That taske once done, we shall with little payne,  
Our angry fathers reconcile agayne.

*Alarum, Enter Nauar, Bowyer, Nod, Core, Souldiers,  
drum and colours.*

*Nau.* The Alarum sounded in the enemies Campe.  
Now for Nauar and Fame, stand to it, sirs.

*Bow.* Hart, stand to it? heere's some of vs knowes how  
to runne away, and they be put to it: Though wee haue  
lost our braue Generall, the Earle of Pembroke, yee  
here's



*the tryall of Chivalry.*

here's Cavaliero Bowyer, Core and Nod, by Iesu, sound Cards; and Mahound and Termagant come against vs, weele fight with them. Couragio, my hearts, S. George for the honour of England.

*Nau.* The aduerse part comes on, fight gallantly.

*Enter Fraunce, Flanners, and Souldiers, with Drum and Colours.*

*Lew.* Is false Nauar so thirsty to drinke bloud,  
That he mustioyne the Squadron of his troops,  
Before the signall of the battel's giuen.  
Belike you thought to take vs vnpreparde.  
No, king, our wrong hangs like a watch before vs;  
And makes vs number euery short-lynd minute,  
Till your liues answere for our Daughters death;  
Charge, braue spirits: Saint Denis now for Fraunce.

*Nau.* Saint Denis for Nauar: Alarum Drums.

*Alarum, they fight, Fraunce put to the worst, enters Rodorike and Peter, the fight continued, and Nauar driuen in.*

*Lew.* Nauar and his weake forces make retire:  
Pursue them, Sirs, the victorie is ours.

*Rod.* Be like staru'd Lions 'mongst a heard of Beasts,  
Ruthelesse and bloody slaughters all you meete,  
Till proud Nauar be slayn, or kille your feet:  
Saint Denis, and cry murder through the host.

*Alarum, enter Pembroke, Ferdinand & Philip.*

*Pem.* He that steps forward with a murdring thought,  
Marries him selfe to death. Fraunce, cease the fight:  
They are Frenchmen you pursue, French men you should  
Dig not for Traytors loue your subiects graue: (tane.

*Lew.* What franticke knights are those that dare oppose  
I Their



*The History of*

Their single force against our multitudes? (crease)

*Phil.* Those that wish you and Fraunce brightfames en-  
So you would chase hence war, and welcome peace.

*Rod.* That was the Traytor, that flew royall Burbon,

*Pet.* Downe with the villaynes.

*Rod.* Souldiers, seyze on him,  
And then pursue Nauar with sudden death.

*Fer.* Ere the least hayre fall from his kingly head,  
Rodorick, thy base trunk shall be butchered,

*Pem.* Will you accept of peace?

*Lew.* Follow Nauar.

*Pet.* Downe with that murderer,

*Fer.* Zounds, then in spight,  
Weele saue Nauar, and chase you hence in fight.

*All.* Ha, ha.

*Pem.* Nay, smile not, though our number's few,  
Our great hearts tell vs, we shall conquere you.  
Alarum, and S. George.

*Alarum, they fight. Enter Nauar and his forces:*  
*Fraunce chase away.*

*Nau.* Fraunce and his daunted forces giues vs ground:  
Charge, charge agayne, and we are Conquerours,

*Phil.* Stand, or ne're stirre agayne.

*Nau.* What meane these Knights?

*Pem.* To stop your passage this way, great Nauar,  
I charge thee, by the duty of a King,  
Thy loue to iustice, and thy subiects liues,  
You sound retreat, and make a peace with Fraunce.

*Nau.* A peace, and haue the vantage of the day?

*Boy.* That's a trick, by Iesu, to mocke an Ape: wee'le  
none of that.

*Nau.* Wee'le haue no peace, but what our swords can  
Follow the chase.

*Phil.* Are you growne insolent?

For



*the tryall of Cheualry.*

For one light puffle of fortune proues it so  
Nay, then our swords turne to your ouerthrow.

*Alarum, they fight, and drine in Nauer.*

*Fer.* That was my father that you fought against.

*Phil.* You did as much to mine.

*Pem.* Princes, agree: force cannot end this war, but policy.  
Therefore dispeare your selues, and let our Squires,  
With Trumpets in their mouthes sound lowd retreat,  
Where you perceiue the fight most violent.  
The strangenesse of which act will straight amaze,  
When they shall heare both peace and war denounc'd,  
And one selfe instant, they will soone retire.  
To know the issue, Princes, fall to worke:  
Tis worke of charity, 'twould doe me good,  
If we could end this battell without blood.

*Fer.* I hope we shall: farewell, ile to my charge.

*Pem.* The like will Pembroke.

*Phil.* Philip is not last.

Yet though I seeke the safety of my friends,  
Rodorick shall lose his blood, ere this fight ends.

*Alarum, excursions. Enter Peter leading  
Thomasin.*

*Pet.* Struggle not, strue not, your sweete heart Bow-  
yer cannot saue you. Without prolixity, you must goe  
with mee.

*Tho.* Helpe, helpe.

*Pet.* And the God of warre come in thy defence, my  
humour is to kill him. Come away.

*Enter Bowyer.*

*Bow.* By Iesu, & you go this way, you must pay custom.  
Zounds, you pickt-hatch Caualiero perucote-monger, can  
you find time now to be catching *Thomasin*? come, deliuer,  
or by Zenacrib, & the life of king Charlemayne, ile thrash  
I 2 your



## *The History of*

your coxcombe, as they doe hennes at Shrouetyde: no,  
will you not doe, you Tan-fat? zounds, then haue at you,

*They fight, Bowyer bath the wench, rescued by France,  
recovered by Namar: Philip meetes Rodoricke, rescued by  
Peter: retreat is sounded, the enemies begin to retire, Ro-  
doricke chaf'd by Philip: Enter at severall doores, after re-  
treat sounded, Pembroke and Ferdinand.*

*Fer.* Are the Kings seuerd? will they bow to peace?

*Pem.* Peace is a welcome ghest vnto their hearts:

But Rodoricke, like a greedy enuious churle,  
Fearing to spend his wealth, still keeps them backe,  
Tis he exasperates the Princes hate:

And when our Trumpets call them to retyre,

He with warres clangor sets them on agayne.

Vnlesse he be remoou'd, our labour's lost.

*Fer.* It shall not; for ile seeke him through the Host,  
And with this sword pare off the Traytors head.

*Pem.* Doe, and ile scowre these ranks: if Pembroke eye  
Encounters his, he meets his Tragedy.

*Alarums, Enter Philip, pursuing Rodoricke.*

*Phil.* Stay, warlike friends, and ayd me in reuenge.

*Fer.* That is Rodoricke.

*Pem.* Heere's the Traytor, strike him downe.

*Phil.* Who lifts his arme at him, strikes at my brest.

*Red.* Why haue you thus ring'd me about with swords?

*Phil.* To shew thee thou must dye.

*Red.* What haue I done,

That thus you labour my destruction?

*Pem.* Thou wer't a party in all Burbons wrongs.

*Fer.* Falsely term'd Ferdinand a Ravisher.

*Pem.* Set discord 'twixt these Kings,

*Phil.* Practis'd my death.

*Pem.* Villayne, for this, our swords shall stop thy breath.  
*Fer.* Stand



*the tryall of Cheualry.*

**Fer.** Stand not to argue, let's all runne at him.

**Phil.** Now as you loue my loue, or prize mine honour,  
Touch not the Traytor, he is Philips foe;  
And none but I must worke his ouerthrow.  
Thrice in the battell he was rescued from me:  
But now hee's falne into the Lyons paw,  
From whence the whole world cannot ransom him.  
Preseruers of my life, heroick friends,  
Be you my safety, keepe the Souldyers off,  
Whilst in the midst by fayre and equall fight,  
I send this Traytor to eternall night.

**Ferd.** By heauen agreed.

**Pem.** Heere Pembroke takes his stand:  
Come Fraunce and all the world, I will not start,  
Til Philips knightly sword pearce Rodericks hart.

**Rod.** Accurst, I am betrayd, incompass round:  
Now lyfe and hope and state must kisse the ground.

**Phil.** Rodorick, thou seest, all wayes are stopt to flie,  
Be desperat then, fight brauely, and so die.

*Alarum, they fight: enter to Pembroke Nauar,  
Bowyer, & Souldiers: to Ferdinand, Fraunce, Flaunders  
& Souldiers: they fight and keepe them backe:  
Rodoricke would scape, still kept in the midst, and  
kild by Philip.*

**Phil.** Now are his trecheries repaid with death:  
Philip and Pembroke, sound your retreats  
With better hope; in him all hatred endes:  
The kings will now loue peace, & soone be friends.

*Exeunt. Enter Peter wounded, Bowler following.*

**Bow.** Zounds, neuer runne for the matter, a scratcht face  
can not serue your turne, we must haue bloudy noses stād  
on yout gard: & I do not make haggasse puddings of your  
gates, Ile neuer dominier in the long Alleyes agayne.



## *The History of*

*Peter. Cymnell, Ile cracke you for this, Ile teach you to  
deale with Peter de Lions, and that without prolixitie.*

*Bow. Do: haue at you in earnest: S. George, you rogue.*

*Alarm, fight: Bowyer kills him.*

*Bow. So, there's for your prolixities: there's for Tho-  
masin: the Thornbackly slaue, and he were made of any  
thing but gristles, I am a pumpian: 'Shart, he had no met-  
tle in him: yet how the villayne crak't and dominierd  
when he was liuing: ah, sirra, neuer gonn for the matter,  
tis Captayne Bowyer that speaks it. When thou meetst  
the great Deuill, commend me to him, and say, I sent him  
thee for a new yeres gift: and there's one Sarlaboys to, as  
arrant a bloud-sucker, and as notable a coward, as euer  
drew weapon in a bawdy house: hee carries my marke a-  
bout him: if Dicke Bowyer be not writ a bountifull be-  
nefactor in hell for my good deeds, in sending thither such  
Canibals, I am a Rabbit-sucker: yet I scorne to vaunt of  
my deeds too. They sound a retreat: farewell, Peter, and  
learne hereafter what it is to be riual to an English gentle-  
man, Cavaliero Bowyer, one of the nyne worthies.*

*Exit.*

*A retreyt. Enter at one dore, Fraunce, Flaunders,  
and Souldiers: at the other dore Nauar, Bow-  
yer, and Souldiers.*

*Lew. Nauar, why haue you sounded a retreyt?  
Will your proud heart decline and call vs Lord?*

*Nau. We thought by the faynt language of your drums,  
Fraunce would haue knowne his errour, and beg'd peace.*

*Lew. Fraunce beg a peace!*

*Nau. Nauar call you his Lord!*

*Flan. Why did you cease the fight, and sound retreat?*

*Bow. Not we, by this beard: not we, by the life of Pharo,*

*Nau. Your Trumpets guided by your faynting breath,  
Dhorted*



*the tryall of Cheualry.*

Dehorted vs from war, and sounded peace.

*Lew.* Nauar derides vs.

*Nau.* Fraunce, tis you that doo't.

*Lew.* Sound war, and brauely let vs once more too't.

*Enter in the middest, Pembroke, Ferdinand,  
and Philip.*

*Pem.* Kings of Nauar and Fraunce, why doe you thus  
With ciuill butchery wound this blessed land,  
Which like a mother, from her melting eyes,  
Sheds crymson teares, to see you enemyes?  
Lewes of Fraunce, wherein hath great Nauar  
Dangerd your state, that you should prosecute  
War with her largest ruine? how hath Fraunce  
Sowed such inueterate hate within your brest,  
That to confound him, you will vndergoe  
The orphants curse, the widdowes teares & cries,  
Whose husbands in these warres haue lost their liues?  
E're you contend, discourse your grieuances.

*Lew.* Falle Ferdinand his sonne, rauisht our child.

*Fer.* Now by my Knighthood, honor, and this gage,  
Fraunce, ile approue you wrong that Ferdinand.

*Phil.* Who can accuse him?

*Lew.* That did Rodorick.

*Pem.* That Traytor, for a deed so false, so foule,  
Hath answered it by this, euen with his soule.

*Nau.* Our sonne, and valours bloome, th' English *Pem.*  
By Lewes trechery were butchered. (*brooke,*

*Phil.* Were the whole world ioynd in so false a thing,  
Alone I'd combat all, and cleere the King.

*Pem.* Fraunce neuer had designe in their two deaths.

*Nau.* He leagu'd with Burbon, that destroyd my child.

*Lew.* He poysoned her deservedly.

*Phil.* That deed of shame  
Cut off his life, and rac'd our Burbons name.

*Lew.* His death shal be thy death; for phy hand slue him.

*Nau.* This other in the battell twice to day,

*Made*



## *The History of*

Made vs retire, Fraunce, shall we ioyne in league,  
Till we haue veng'd our malice on these knights:

*Lew.* Nauar, agreed. Souldiers, this kyld your Lords.

*Nau.* And this our fame: let's mangle them with swords.

*Pem.* Take truce a while with rage: heare what wee'le  
This knight flew Burbon, this inforst you fly; (urges)  
Therefore you hate them, and for hate they die.

Since then true vertue is disfigured,

Desert trod downe, and their heroick worth,

In iustice doo'd on Traytors merits, Death:

Behold these two, which thousands could not daunt,

But your vngratitude, on bended knee,

Yeeld vp their swords to bide your tyranny.

'Twas he kild Burbon: if you loue him dead,

Shew it by paring off this valiant head:

Do you the like: to this reuenge apace.

They feare not threats, and scorne to beg for grace.

*Lew.* And they shall find none.

*Nau.* Knights, triumph in death,

We are your headsmen, Kings shall stop your breath.

*They take off their Helms.*

*Lew.* Philip, my sonne!

*Nau.* Young Ferdinand my ioy! (stroy.

*Pem.* Call them not sonnes, whom you would fayne de-

*Nau.* Hold not our age too long in deepe suspect:

Art thou Ferdinand?

*Lew.* And thou Philip?

*Fer.* We are the friendly sonnes of aduerse parents,

Your long lost children, though supposed slayne,

We liue, and come to ioy your age agayne.

*Nau.* Welcome all earthly blisse.

*Lew.* Welcome, deare child,

Thy presence halfe our sorrow hath exil'd.

*Pem.* How soon this Scene is chag'd! those that eue now

Were sworne warres seruants, now to peace do bow:

Then Pembroke, strue to make their ioyes more full,

See, kingly father, to that princely sonne.

*Pembroke,*



*the tryall of Chivalry.*

Pembrooke, the hated murderer of his friend:  
Pembroke, that did deuide thee from his fight,  
And cut so many passages of death,  
In his indeared bosome, humbly thus  
Forgets his honour, and from your hye hand,  
Inuokes reuenge for wounding Ferdinand.

*Fer.* Still he turmounts me in an honour'd loue,  
Rise, friend; or if thou striv'st to haue the world,  
In me, as in a glasse, see a false friend.  
Behold, I kneele, and here proclayme to all,  
My friendship's broke, but thine substantiall.

*Na.* Model of vertue, honour Pembroks Earle,  
Rise in as deare regard as Ferdinand.  
Oh, had I Bellamira once in hold,  
Age would turne youth, & I should ne're be old.

*Lew.* Had I my Katharina once agayne,  
Our ioy were then stretcht to the highest strayne:  
But she was ravisht, and then murthered.

*Phil.* Beare not that hard opinion: Rodericks tongue  
Slaundred that Prince, and did his vertue wrong.

*Pem.* Lewis of Fraunce, heare what an English Earle  
Speaks in the front and view of all thy Host:  
If euer Ferdinand staynd Katharines honour,  
I was a party: yet in all your Campe,  
Who dares step forth and call me ravisher?  
No, Fraunce, know Pembroke is an Englishman,  
Highly deriu'd, yet higher in my thoughts;  
And for to register mine acts in brasle,  
Which all-denouring time shall ne're race out,  
Haue I through all the Courts of Christendome,  
In knightly tryall prou'd my vertue sound,  
Raids Englands fame aloft; and shall I now,  
In her next continent, her neighbour Realme,  
Fraunce, on whose bosome I may stand and see  
That blessed soyle, that bred and fostred me,  
Soyle all my late got honour, to consent  
Vnto a royall Princes ravishtment?



## *The History of*

Id sooner from a mountayne cast my selfe,  
Or from a hungry Lyon teare his pray,  
Then dare to act a deed so infamous: *Enter Katharina.*  
But words are ayre: Lewis, behold this face;  
This proues our honour cleere from all disgrace.

*Lew.* My Katharine!

*Phil.* My deare sister!

*Fer.* My fayre Loue!

*Pem.* See, Princes, loues effect: she flies your hand,  
To liue imbrac't with her deare Ferdinand.

*Lew.* And heauen forbid that we should sunder them,  
Nauar, reach me thy hand: grym war is fled,  
And peace shall end the same in a nuptiall bed.  
Some Philip, ratify your sisters choyce.

*Phil.* Euen with my soule: for euer liue you blest.  
Oh Bellamira, had not cursed Burbon,  
For beauty robd thy cheeks with Leprosie:  
Hadst thou but stayd with me, as is their state,  
So had bin mine, happy and fortunate.

*Enter Clowne attyred like a Gentleman, Bellamira  
following with a Scarfe on her face.*

*Clow.* By your leaue, sweet blouds: may a Gentleman  
or so, deceyue two or three ounces of words in this  
assembly?

*Lew.* You may.

*Clow.* Is there not a young Kings sonne amongst you,  
who treading the steps of his father, is called Philip?

*Phil.* I am the man thou seekst.

*Clow.* Then the old saying is verified, He that seeks, shall  
find. Heere is a poore kinswoman of mine would desire  
some priuate conference with you, or so.

*Phil.* With me? whom see I? Bellamira!

*Nau.* Daughter!

*Phil.* Do not deride my woes, speake, speake, I pray.

*Pem.* Looke not so strange, it is thy louely Loue,

*Thus*



*the tryall of Chenuary.*

Thus manag'd, to approue thy constancy.  
Embrace her then: and now Nauar and Fraunce;  
Here end your strife, and let all hatred fall,  
And turne this warre to Hymens festiuall.

*Nau.* This Pembrookes counsell we subscribe vnto.

*Lew.* The like doth France: Louers embrace your Loues;  
And Captaines, ioyne your Bands, mix power with power,  
And let those swords, which late were drawne for death,  
Sleepe in their sheathes. You, worthy Pembroke,  
And all your followers, shall receyue our fauours,  
In plenteous largesse: so, set on to Court;  
Sound Drums and Trumpets, deafe the ayre with cries,  
And fill eche subiects heart with ioyes increase,  
T'applaud our childrens loue, and this dayes peace.

FINIS.





Perfect  
for B. G. G. G. G.

J. S. Ferguson

26.4.1904



